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One Halfpenny.

LAST NIGHT'S NEW PLAY.



A scene in "Saturday to Monday," the new play which was produced last night by Mr. George Alexander at the St. James's Theatre.

ROYAL NEPHEW AND UNCLE.



The Grand Duke Serge, Commandant of Moscow, saluting his nephew, the Tsar of all the Russias.

TYPICAL TIBETANS.

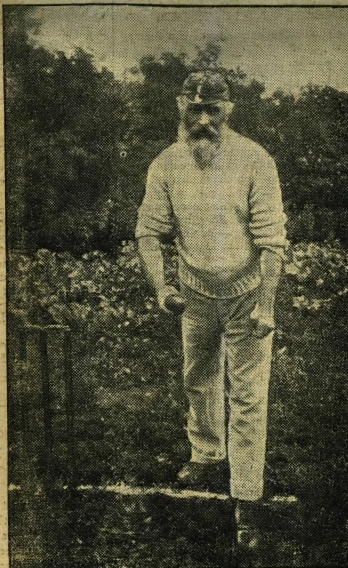


This unpleasant-looking group are typical inhabitants of Tibet. They are not a cleanly race, but the severity of the climate is somewhat of an excuse.

A LUCKY GAMBLER.



The taller of these two men is Lord Villiers, who won £30,000 at the tables at Monte Carlo.

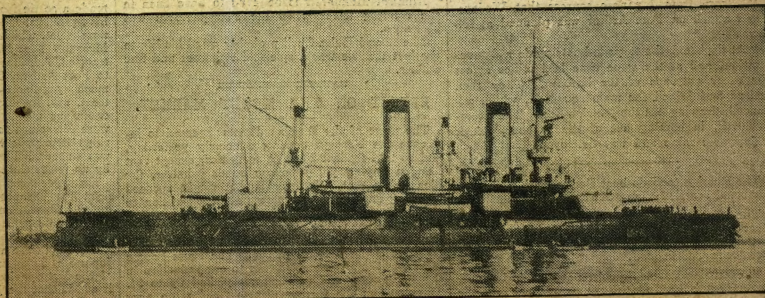


This hale old cricketer is Mr. Charles Clifford. He has played cricket now for fifty-five years.



Paring an elephant's toenails is not an easy business. An account of the dangers of a wild-animal's doctor appears on page 8, and other illustrations on page 8.

RUSSIA'S SUNKEN BATTLESHIP.



The Russian battleship Petropavlovsk, sunk through striking on a mine at the entrance of Port Arthur. There were only thirty-nine survivors of her crew of over seven hundred men. Portraits of her captain and Admiral Makharoff appear on page 9.

FURTHER DISASTER FOR RUSSIA'S FLEET.

TWO MORE LOSSES.

Japanese Sink a Destroyer and Torpedo a Battleship.

DEATH ROLL 750.

How Togo Lured the Petropavlovsk to Destruction.

THE TSARITSA'S GRIEF.

The Petropavlovsk was sunk in Wednesday's engagement by the Japanese fleet, and in addition a Russian torpedo-boat was blown up, with a loss of fifty lives, and the battleship Pobieda torpedoed.

The last news was able to regain the port. Japanese official accounts confirm the loss of the two Russian vessels, and state that the Japanese fleet is quite safe.

It is clear from later reports to hand that a desperate engagement took place off Port Arthur on Wednesday between the Russian and Japanese fleets, and not only was the flagship Petropavlovsk destroyed by the terrible fire from the enemy's ships, but a Russian torpedo-boat was sunk, with fifty men; and the fine battleship Pobieda holed by a torpedo, so that she only just managed to regain the harbour.

Two other Russian cruisers were also badly damaged during their attempt to regain the shelter of the land forts.

Confirmation of the destruction of the Petropavlovsk and the sinking of a Russian torpedo-boat by the Japanese fleet has come from the Admiral in command, who adds that his vessels escaped undamaged.

Admiral Togo has patiently waited to take sweeping advantage of Admiral Makharoff's desperate but heroic desire to do something to retrieve the fast-waning fortunes of his fleet. He has succeeded in destroying the effectiveness of the Russian squadron at Port Arthur, and the place is now practically at his mercy.

St. Petersburg is a city of mourning. From the Tsar and Tsaritsa downwards, all are profoundly shaken at the suddenness and completeness of the awful disaster. Universal sympathy is extended to the widow of the gallant Admiral, and a touching scene was witnessed at the memorial service yesterday, when the Tsaritsa embraced the sorrowing lady, and the Emperor reverently kissed her hand.

The following telegram describes the additional disasters which have befallen the Russian fleet:—

ST. PETERSBURG, Thursday.

Prince Ukhomsky, who has succeeded to the command of the fleet at Port Arthur, telegraphs under to-day's date that the Bezruchinski, one of the torpedo vessels which were sent out during the night from the port to reconnoitre, became separated owing to bad weather, was surrounded by the enemy's torpedo vessels, and went down in the night. Five persons were saved.

The Prince adds: "I have taken command provisionally of the fleet since the disaster to the Petropavlovsk." During some manoeuvring of the battleship squadron the Pobieda was struck by a mine amidships on the starboard side. She was able to regain the port by herself. None on board were killed or wounded.

Reuter. In another message to the Tsar Rear-Admiral Prince Ukhomsky briefly confirms the news of the blowing up of the Petropavlovsk, and adds:—Among those who perished were Admiral Makharoff and his chief of staff. The saved included the Grand Duke Cyril Vladimirovich, Captain Jacovlev, three lieutenants, two midshipmen, and fifty-two sailors. The bodies have been recovered of a captain, two midshipmen, a surgeon, and a few sailors.

JAPANESE STRATEGY.

How the Flagship Was Lured to Destruction.

Reuter's correspondent at Chifu telegraphed yesterday:—

"I learn from Japanese sources that Wednesday's attack on Port Arthur was planned as follows:—

"At daybreak the torpedo-boats made a demonstration, and at the same time laid mine across the outer entrance of the harbour. They then retired and joined the main squadron, which advanced, drawing out the Russian fleet. The Petropavlovsk, in coming out of the harbour, struck a Japanese mine and was destroyed.

The Russian torpedo-boat Bezruchinski, which has been sunk, carried a crew of about fifty-five men.

The officers on board the Petropavlovsk included the Rear-Admiral Molos, chief of the headquarters staff of the fleet, and thirteen other officers of the Commander-in-Chief's staff.

The Russian Pacific Squadron at Port Arthur now has only two battleships—the Sevastopol and the Peresviet—and one cruiser, the Iyavon, which are not known to have been more or less injured. Before the first Japanese attack the squadron comprised seven battleships and six cruisers.

TSARITSA FAINTS.

Her Majesty Falls Sobbing Into a Lady's Arms.

SORROW IN RUSSIAN CAPITAL.

When the Tsaritsa heard the news she was terribly affected, but at once proceeded to the residence of the Grand Duchess Vladimir and offered her congratulations on the escape of her son, the Grand Duke Cyril.

The Tsaritsa was moved to tears in talking of the dreadful disaster, and fell sobbing and fainting in the arms of the Grand Duchess.

Impressive and touching scenes were witnessed at the memorial service held in the Admiralty Church, St. Petersburg, yesterday. There was an immense congregation, which included all the leading Government officials.

The Tsar and Tsaritsa were present, her Majesty being attired in deep mourning. She wept continuously during the solemn service, and the Tsar was likewise greatly affected.

Madame Makharoff, widow of the dead admiral, remained kneeling through the service, and at the close, amid the sobs of the grief-stricken assembly, the Tsaritsa embraced Madame Makharoff, while the Tsar kissed her hand.

JAPANESE REGRET.

TOKIO, Thursday.

The first intimation of the result of Admiral Togo's seventh attack on Port Arthur reached Tokio at eight o'clock this morning in a private telegram, which was promptly communicated to the Japanese authorities.

The news was received in official circles with intense satisfaction, particularly the announcement of the destruction of the Petropavlovsk, but at the same time regret was expressed at the death of the gallant Russian Admiral.—Reuter.

The gallant admiral commanded the respect of his opponents, and his death is deplored, for the Japanese admired the manner in which he rehabilitated his fleet after the first attacks on Port Arthur and the splendid fight he was making against odds.—Reuter's Special.

FRANCE CONDOLES WITH HER ALLY.

PARIS, April 14.

On learning the terrible disaster to the Petropavlovsk, President Loubet telegraphed to the Emperor of Russia to express to his Majesty the very lively and sincere sympathy which France, its President, and Government all in the misfortune which had so cruelly visited the Russian nation and navy. M. Delcasse has expressed similar sentiments to M. Nelidoff, the Russian Ambassador.

ST. PETERSBURG STUPEFIED.

The following shows the intensity of the feeling in the Russian capital:—

ST. PETERSBURG, Thursday, 4 p.m.

Now that the news of the disaster to the Petropavlovsk has become generally known, the feeling of stupefaction among the public has greatly increased. The death of Admiral Makharoff, which is now officially confirmed, has produced a stunning effect. Many people refuse to believe the terrible news, and the most fantastic theories as to the cause of the explosion, which destroyed the Petropavlovsk, are advanced. It is even suggested that the vessel was sunk by a Japanese submarine boat. All the newspapers publish lengthy articles, expressing horror at the magnitude of the disaster and deploring in eloquent terms the loss of so many valuable lives.

"Reverence we can endure," said a prominent Russian official, "but to have the Petropavlovsk meet the fate of the Venesei and Boyarin is heart-breaking. Moreover, it has just become known that the Poltava several weeks ago had a hole rammed in her by the Sebastopol, while the latter was manoeuvring in Port Arthur harbour."

Yesterday was a day of intense excitement in St. Petersburg. The first inkling of a catastrophe was the receipt by the Grand Duke Vladimir of a telegram from his son, the Grand Duke Boris, announcing the loss of the Petropavlovsk and the wounding of the Grand Duke Cyril, who was the first officer.

GRAND DUCHESS'S GRIEF.

The Grand Duchess Vladimir was beside herself with grief, being convinced that the message was sent to prepare her for the news of her son's death, as it was signed by the Grand Duke Boris instead of by the Grand Duke Cyril's aide-de-camp, Lieutenant von Kube. The reason for this afterwards became apparent, Lieutenant von Kube having gone down with the ship.

The grief of the crowds gathered round the notice boards was very affecting. The Ministry of Marine was soon surrounded by thousands of persons eagerly asking for more details.

Admiral Makharoff is believed to have been in the conning tower when the Petropavlovsk was blown up.

The Grand Duke Cyril probably owed his life to the fact that he was a splendid swimmer and fine athlete.

EFFECT ON THE MONEY MARKET.

The news of the Russian disaster seemed to influence the Foreign bourses adversely yesterday, and so to disadvantage Foreign securities, except that London buying put Japanese bonds 2 better, the idea being that, whatever Russia might succeed in doing on land, she is now not in a position to enforce any indemnity again Japan. It was rather curious perhaps that Russian bonds did not give way more than they did, for at the worst they were no more than 4 lower at 93½. The Paris bourse rallied in the afternoon, thanks to our reduction in the rate on the Russian loan, which picked up to 94. The news of the further disasters came too near the close of business to have much effect, but the Paris bourse was again showing some signs of weakening, which was reflected in Foreign securities here.

DYNAMITE HORROR.

Explosion in Which a Baroness Narrowly Escapes.

A serious explosion occurred at the Hotel Nord, St. Petersburg, on Wednesday night. The explosion occurred on the fourth floor; the windows were blown out and walls were demolished. The ceiling heaved up, leaving an enormous fissure, while the floor of the room above, on the fifth floor, was driven upwards, and nearly crushed the occupants of the apartment. All the furniture of the two rooms was smashed.

In the apartment beneath the Baroness Kausenstern, who had already gone to bed, had a narrow escape from being crushed by the falling ceiling. As it was she was slightly injured about the face and arms. In the meantime a fire broke out, and spread to the two adjoining rooms. The firemen were quickly on the scene, but were driven out by the acid fumes proceeding from the burning room. Finally the flames were extinguished, and subsequently in the room where the explosion occurred were found some half-charred and unrecognisable remains of a corpse. The head, arms, and trunk, together with all the fingers of one hand, had been blown away.

A search was made among the ruins, which resulted in the discovery of the victim's legs, one with a sock still on. Half of the other leg was missing. The lower part of a boot, containing the victim's toes, was also found. There was no further trace of the explosion, but a grained leather portfolio containing letters and visiting cards of several different persons was discovered intact.

On inquiry it was ascertained that the room had been occupied since Wednesday evening by M. Kanyanoff, the son of an acting State Councillor.

It is supposed that M. Kanyanoff accidentally knocked over an infernal machine or a receptacle containing an explosive.—Reuter.

RISKS OF MIMIC WAR.

Destroyer Smashed in a Daring Attempt on Portsmouth.

The torpedo-destroyer Teazer, which ran ashore at the entrance of Portsmouth Harbour, was hauled off yesterday by two Government tugs and towed into the dockyard. Her bows were stove in, but through the searchlights during the torpedo attack her back was not broken.

The accident occurred through a daring attempt of her commander, Lieutenant Dean, to rush on the harbour.

The Teazer hung round the Isle of Wight until 9.30 p.m., and then came in by the western approach at a speed of twenty-five knots an hour. The searchlights from the forts and anchored battleships lit up the harbour brilliantly, and the Teazer was plainly visible to the spectators on Southsea beach as she dashed through the beams of light.

The destroyer struck the beach between Haslar Hospital and Blockhouse Fort, and, owing to her speed, she stuck hard and fast in the sandy mud till high water yesterday morning at ten a.m.

The Teazer carried sixty men, and owing to the strong wind and choppy sea there was considerable excitement in Portsmouth regarding their safety. Searchlights were played on the stranded vessel all night, and two destroyers stood by to lend assistance in case of necessity. The steam pumps were continuously worked to keep the water under control and the crew transferred all the guns and heavy gear to the tugs in order to lighten the Teazer before high water.

Lieutenant Dean will be held blameless for the accident, because it is considered impossible to recognise landmarks under the fierce blinding glare of the searchlights. No lives were lost.

The attack was made in honour of Prince Henry of Prussia, who witnessed the manoeuvres from the Admiral's launch. Yesterday the Prince visited Osborne, the Victory, and Whale Island, where he was received by Captain Percy Scott, and returned to London in the evening.

CAUGHT IN A TRAP.

Admiral Togo's Fleet Destroyed the Two Russian Vessels.

TOKIO, Thursday, 5 p.m.

A brief report of yesterday's fight off Port Arthur reached the Navy Department from Admiral Togo this afternoon. It says that Admiral Togo's fleet succeeded in sinking a battleship of the Petropavlovsk class and one destroyer. The Japanese had no losses with the exception of one man wounded.

A detailed report is expected hourly.—Reuter.

The following account of the destruction of the flagship comes from Chifu:—

On Wednesday morning, Admiral Makharoff made a sortie from Port Arthur with the whole of his squadron. He was attacked by the entire Japanese fleet, which was concealed at the back of the Miaotiao Islands. On seeing how he had been trapped, Admiral Makharoff attempted to get back to Port Arthur, but the Japanese warships, being much speedier than the Russians, cut off his retreat, and he was forced to fight a battle against enormous odds. The results of the engagement were disastrous to the Russians, who had all their ships damaged; while the battleship Petropavlovsk was surrounded by torpedo-boats. She was struck by no fewer than five torpedoes and blown up."

Messages from Shanghai state that during the fight five Japanese warships engaged the Russian cruisers Bayan and Askold, and it was only with difficulty that the Russian boats managed to reach the shelter of the forts in a damaged condition.

Official information has been received at the Japanese Legation in London of the destruction of the Petropavlovsk and a Russian destroyer. It is added that the Japanese fleet is quite safe.

The Pobieda (Victory), which was torpedoed, is a battleship of 12,670 tons, with a complement of 732 men.

IN FIGHTING FORM.

Mr. Chamberlain Returns to London To-day.

HIS GREAT TASK.

Mr. Chamberlain returns to-night to London.

These six words are the prologue to the second volume of the history of the Fiscal Reform Campaign.

On February 11, at Victoria Station, he stepped into a carriage reserved for "Mr. Richards" and travelled via Dover to Marseilles, whence he sailed next day in the steamship Mongolia for Egypt.

"Don't talk to my father about politics, he doesn't want to hear any more about them!" said Mr. Austen Chamberlain to an interviewer who wished to speak to his father just before the train started.

That was the situation. Mr. Chamberlain was exhausted by the strenuous first chapter of his fiscal fight, more exhausted than was thought.

He was ordered two months' holiday and complete rest. He has taken that and a few days more.

Mrs. Chamberlain has been with him all the while, and her watchful, tender care has contributed more than anything else to the complete restoration of his health.

News of his journeyings has been almost lacking. Towards the end of last month, in fact, considerable anxiety was felt until the announcement was made that the pessimist rumours about Mr. Chamberlain's health were utterly unfounded.

The public have ceased speculating about his health. They welcome him home as fit and eager and fully equipped in mind and body for the work he has to carry on. And they welcome Mrs. Chamberlain too, because they know she is an important factor in his life and his real helpmate.

Mr. Chamberlain's Position.

On March 9 last, amid a scene of tense excitement, the Government majority fell to 46 on a division after a debate upon the fiscal question. It was not a small house—332 members voted. Mr. Balfour stated that the Government could deal safely with hostile tariffs, as far as possible, by retaliation, and also with the great evil of dumping, but he did not think public opinion was in a position to accept any proposition with regard to taxation on food, or fiscal union with the Colonies.

Mr. Chamberlain, with his heart in the task and no longer hampered by Cabinet conventions, split interests, and party calls, is before the country plainly as the champion of his own out-and-out policy of complete fiscal reform and fiscal union.

He chooses to remain outside, but he is the predominant partner. He may get his way with our fiscal policy, he may not, but while his keen, incisive intellect is alert and at work at Westminster there will be sparse chance for the Irishmen to engineer snap divisions.

ANOTHER TIBETAN FIGHT.

200 Natives Killed in Attacking General Macdonald.

General Macdonald (who sent a Reuter Simla telegram) reports that he encountered a force of 2,000 Tibetans holding a narrow gorge a few miles from Gyantse, necessitating a long flank movement with a climb of 2,000ft.

The Tibetans fired on the advance guard. After shelling the enemy, a general advance was made, with the result that the enemy fled in all directions, leaving nearly 200 killed.

The British loss was three Sepoys wounded. The Tibetans included regular troops, who were dispersed, and broke into headlong flight. The local Tibetans are now pleased for peace.

Three important lamas are now en route from the Dalai Lama, and the Chinese Amban (Resident) is on the road to meet Colonel Younghusband. Further opposition seems highly unlikely.

MR. BALFOUR AND THE ANGLO-FRENCH TREATY.

Questions arising out of the Anglo-French Convention were raised in the Commons yesterday before the House went into Committee on the Army Estimates.

Mr. Balfour, in reply to a question by Mr. C. H. Balfour, said that according to the usual constitutional usage the agreement must be submitted to the French Chamber before final ratification.

PERSONAL.

GEORGE must see you.—M. S.

A. G. E.—Gloves found.—D. M.

OFA.—Where, when can I see you? Write.

"VIXEN" will be there, as appointed, 21 May.

FELL-COLL.—Sign. Cop. Answer: No reply.

YAIN.—Never do it again. It was not my fault.—TOM.

YOURS received. It was lovely. I wish I could say more.

PEACE.—Let us bury the hatchet. Bees fighting too long.—H. W.

CAPTION.—Call at the old place as soon as you can.

Must see you.—BEE.

LOST.

LOST.—April 13, a Yorkshire terrier, very light grey. Anyone returning same to 19, Warrington-crescent, Maida Vale, will be rewarded for same.

LOST, Tuesday evening, April 5, between Gaiety Theatre and Hyde Park Hotel, a diamond and pearl combed brooch (quadrant size). Reward given if returned to Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge.

* The above advertisements (which are accepted up to 5 p.m. for the next day's issue) are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d., and six per word afterwards. They can be brought to the office or sent by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, night words for 4s., and 6d. per word after. Address: Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 2, Carnarvon-street, London.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Sunny and warm periods; occasional thunderstorms (heavy in the Midlands); close atmosphere; south-easterly breezes.
Lighting-up time: 7.55 p.m.
Sea passages across the English Channel will be smooth, but a little disturbed in the North Sea and Irish Channel.

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

Not only was the Russian flagship Petropavlovsk sunk by the Japanese fleet in Vieshnessday's engagement off Port Arthur, but a Russian destroyer was blown up, with fifty of her crew, and the fine battleship Pobieda holed by a torpedo, only barely regaining the port. Damages to other Russian warships emphasise the desperate character of the engagement. The Japanese fleet is "quite safe."—(Page 2.)

Mr. Chamberlain is due to reach London this evening. His return marks the opening of the second stage of the fiscal campaign.—(Page 2.)

Much work still remains to be done on the sunken submarine A1. Officials do not think the vessel will be raised before the end of next week.—(Page 3.)

At Kilbirnie, Ayrshire, an Italian ice-cream vendor killed his wife and four children with a hatchet. He afterwards gave himself up at the police station.—(Page 3.)

Pathetic scenes were witnessed at the inquest on Mrs. Rodgers, of Melbourn, Cambridgeshire, who was murdered by her fifteen-year-old son. Brought before the magistrates, the accused was remanded.—(Page 3.)

The torpedo-boat destroyer Teazer, which ran ashore off Portsmouth Harbour, has been refloated. The damage is less serious than was at first reported.—(Page 3.)

"Saturday to Monday," an "irresponsible comedy," was produced last evening by Mr. George Alexander at the St. James's Theatre.—(Page 6.)

In the High Court was commenced the hearing of an action for libel, brought by Mr. C. H. Foxwell, an accountant, against his mother-in-law. The case, said counsel, arose out of statements in telegrams sent to plaintiff on his marriage.—(Page 6.)

Alderman Sir John Bell, sitting at the Mansion House, commented in strong terms on the attitude taken up by certain doctors at St. Bartholomew's Hospital respecting their police-court fees.—(Page 5.)

By the explosion of some 2,000lb. of gunpowder on the American battleship Missouri, at Pensacola, twenty-nine of the crew perished. Heartrending scenes were witnessed.—(Page 3.)

Subject to constant ill-treatment by her mother, a girl, aged twelve and a half years, has committed suicide by drowning near Paris. She left a note saying she was tired of her life.—(Page 12.)

Mr. T. P. O'Connor's Yorkshire terrier, reported missing, has now been found. Just now dog-stealers are busy around London, and resort to various methods in order to attain their aim.—(Page 12.)

Major Corkran, of the Grenadiers, was married yesterday at the Guards Chapel, by Miss W. Ricardo, the ceremony being exceptionally pretty by reason of its military character.—(Page 12.)

Summerlike weather again prevailed in London, the day being the hottest experienced for many months past.—(Page 7.)

Fresh details concerning the conduct of the notorious murderer, Crossman, were given in a case decided by the Willesden Bench.—(Page 5.)

Brought up on remand at Woolwich Police Court, the four men charged in connection with the theft of cannon were committed for trial.—(Page 5.)

Arrested for debt, Mr. T. P. Noble, a York solicitor, in the absence of his custodian, committed suicide by taking poison.—(Page 4.)

Conditions of life in the East End are such that Jews can be hired at three shillings a week. This state of things is largely due to the alien.—(Page 6.)

Accused of bigamy, a Poplar woman was at Thames sent for trial on bail. Her two husbands appeared in court.—(Page 5.)

Miss Ethel Bret Harte, daughter of the famous author, is training for the concert platform.—(Page 7.)

Every night there is a small dinner-party at the Bank of England. For a description of the function, and the conditions imposed upon the government, see special article.—(Page 13.)

A Sutton (Surrey) resident, Mr. W. A. Parker, who enjoys the distinction of being the only passive resister twice imprisoned for non-payment of the education rate, was yesterday released from gaol.—(Page 12.)

Excellent sport attended the concluding day at Newmarket. Henry the First, made favourite for the Craven Stakes, performed indifferently, being unplaced. The race was won by Airline.—(Page 15.)

Stock markets were generally satisfactory, and Consols closed firm. The Bank rate was reduced to 3½ per cent. There was continued buying of Home Rails. Following on news of further Russian reverses the Foreign market was dull.—(Page 13.)

To-day's Arrangements.

The Prince of Wales (Treasurer of Lincoln's Inn) dines with the Honourable Society (Grand Day of Easter Term), Lincoln's Inn Hall.
The Prince and Princess of Wales open St. Paul's Girls' School, Hammersmith, 3.30.
Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll) distributes prizes at the Farmington Trades Exhibition, Agricultural Hall.
Lord Roberts and the Duke of Beaufort will be the guests of the Society of Merchant Venturers at Bristol.
Lord Grenfell unveils a war memorial at Swansea.
Royal Institution: The Count Yae of Yaya and his son.
Landed on "Korea and the Koreans," 9.
Racing: Derby.

BOY'S MURDER OF HIS MOTHER.

Affecting Scenes Before Coroner and Magistrates.

TEARS SHED IN COURT.

A coroner's jury yesterday returned a verdict of Wilful Murder against Frank Rodgers, the fifteen year old son of a London solicitor, who on Tuesday night shot and killed his mother at his home in the little Cambridgeshire village of Melbourn.

"I did it for Queenie's sake. She could not be brought up to the life we have been living for the last few years." These are the words he used to his eldest sister the moment after he had shot his mother, and they supply the only explanation he will give of his astounding crime.

Yesterday morning the boy was charged at Melbourn Police Court with murdering his mother. Since Tuesday night he had lain in the cells at the police station.

Melbourn and Melbourn are sleepy, old-world twin villages lying between Royston and Cambridge. They are divided only by a railway line. The house where the terrible crime occurred, the Gables, is a rambling two-storied, gabled house in the straggling main street of Melbourn. Though the population of the two villages is roused to a great pitch of excitement by the murder, not a single person outside those who had business there attended the police court. Respectful sympathy with the bereaved father and his family was responsible for this.

Pathetic Scene.

The proceedings at the police court were merely formal, and ended in a remand for a week, but they were marked by a pathetic incident that occurred as the father stepped out of the carriage in which he drove to the court. The boy Frank had been allowed by the police to spend the morning in what is known as the guard-room, whose only window is barred by an iron grating. His face was pressed against this as his father arrived. For the first time since the tragedy the unfortunate man was brought face to face with his boy. For a moment he stood motionless, and then, gulping down a sob, walked with bowed head into the police station.

To the evidence given before the magistrate, Mr. Balding, the boy made no reply, and when asked if he had any questions to put, he replied, in a quiet, respectful voice, "No, sir."

To outward appearance Frank Rodgers is a son of whom any mother might be proud. He is a bright, good-looking lad, gentlemanly, and of more than average intelligence. He is slim, but well built, and about 5ft. 6in. in height. His manner is quietly confident, but although there was a sad, thoughtful look in his large brown eyes, he listened to the evidence, both at the court and the inquest, as if it was of a purely impersonal nature.

The inquest was held at the British Queen, a little inn almost opposite the Gables. It had been postponed till yesterday, as on Tuesday it was impossible to find enough men in the village to form a jury.

Prisoner's Unconcern.

Shortly after two o'clock Coroner Lyon arrived on the scene, and about 2.15 the boy prisoner, wearing an overcoat and a cap with a school badge on it, was driven up in a police cart, seated between the superintendent and a sergeant of police. He stepped briskly from the cart and walked into the inn parlour without looking to right or left.

After the jury had viewed the body, which still lies at the Gables, the story of the murder was told. Throughout the recital of his crime Frank Rodgers sat in a corner of the room on the right of the coroner, watching, with no apparent interest, the witnesses who were called. Sometimes he leaned his head on his hand. Sometimes he sat clasping his hands over a handkerchief. Mr. Low, K.C., appeared to watch the proceedings on behalf of the boy and his relatives.

The first witness called was the father. His name, he said, was William Alexander Rodgers, a solicitor, with a practice in London.

"You are the father of Frank Rodgers?" asked the coroner.

"Yes," replied Mr. Rodgers in a broken voice.

As Mr. Rodgers was away from home on Tuesday night this concluded his evidence.

The next witness was Winifred Rodgers, Frank Rodgers's eldest sister. There was a wonderful resemblance between brother and sister, and evidently considerable affection, for the story of his terrible admissions to her was broken by sobs, and she made the most of every point that could tell in his favour. The witness was a pretty, intelligent girl of eighteen years of age, dressed in a black skirt, grey jacket, net veil, and black hat.

Sister's Sad Tale.

In a low, scarcely audible voice she told the sad story. "We had all been out for a walk in the evening," she commenced, "and after we got home Frank and Queenie and I had supper in the breakfast-room. Mother was sitting there in an easy-chair, but she did not eat anything."

"After supper Queenie and I went into the drawing-room, and Frank went upstairs. Mother was left in the breakfast-room alone."

"At this point the boy prisoner rose to his feet and saying, 'I'll take off my coat,' removed his overcoat."

"I'd been in the drawing-room about ten minutes when Frank came in," continued the witness. "He had a revolver in his hand, and he said: 'I have shot her. I think I did it for the best.'"

"I'd been playing the piano and had not heard any shot, but I came out and was going to the breakfast-room. Frank stopped me and said, 'No, stay here.'"

"Then he said someone had better go for the doctor, so I said I'd go."

"He said 'No, I'll go; I want to see Dr. Ennion.'"

sister Queenie to a neighbour's house to spend the night there.

In answer to the coroner's questions, the sorrowing girl then told that she had said to her brother, "Why did you do it?"

He replied, "I did it for Queenie's sake. She could not be brought up to the life we have been living for the last few years."

Here the witness's story was interrupted by weeping, and her father was so overcome that he turned his back on the court and tried to conceal the emotion that racked him.

"Who is Queenie?" asked the coroner. "She is my little sister," replied the witness. "Do you know what he meant when he said he did it for Queenie's sake?"

"Yes," replied the girl, in a low, but distinct, voice. "I understood. We had been very unhappy because my mother had given way to drink."

Dr. Octavius Ennion, who had been called to the scene of the tragedy, told that Mrs. Rodgers was dead when he arrived. She was lying in the hall with her head leaning against a couch and her right arm curled round her head. She had died as the result of a wound from a bullet, which had entered under the left ear and gone out on the opposite side of the neck.

Later the doctor saw Frank in the kitchen, and the boy said "I've done it," and asked if his mother suffered any pain.

The prisoner's brother, William George Rodgers, proved that the revolver belonged to him, and that his brother must have taken it from the drawer in the bedroom where it was kept.

At the conclusion of the evidence, the vicar of the parish, the Rev. Percy Harvey, who was on the jury, endeavoured—and in this he was supported by several other jurymen—to obtain an admission from the doctor that suicide was probable. But the doctor's evidence completely rebutted this suggestion.

After a short consultation a verdict of Wilful Murder against Frank Rodgers was returned.

Mr. Low, Q.C., in a statement to the coroner, remarked that there was certain evidence in connection with the case which it would be useless to place before a coroner's court, but which would at the proper time throw a new light on the case.

While the jury were consulting, Frank Rodgers was allowed to walk outside the inn. Here he was spoken to by his brother. It was the only occasion all day that he showed any emotion. As his brother spoke the muscles of his face set hard in a successful effort to prevent a complete breakdown. He turned away without speaking.

Shortly after the verdict was made known, Winifred Rodgers and a girl cousin hurried from the Gables to the court to say good-bye to their brother, who was taken to Cambridge gaol by the 4.30 train. In a paper bag which Winifred carried were some delicacies for her unfortunate brother.

The trial takes place at Cambridge on April 25.

EXPLOSION'S TERRIBLE RESULT.

Heart-rending Scenes on an American Battleship.

Twenty-nine persons were killed, according to last night's telegrams, by the explosion on board the American battleship Missouri at Pensacola.

Some 2,000 pounds of powder exploded in the turret, and in an instant that part of the ship was filled with flame.

The heat was so intense that the brass-work in the magazine was melted, and had the ammunition stored there exploded the ship would have sunk.

Officers and men, with handkerchiefs over their faces, brought out the dead and dying. Captain Combes himself led the rescuers, many of whom became unconscious and were suffocated.

Twenty-five bodies were found in a heap near the exit of the turret, the body of Lieutenant Davidson, who was in charge of the turret, lying on the top. The officer had evidently allowed the men to pass him before all were overwhelmed by the second explosion.

All the bodies, says Reuter, were perfectly nude and barely recognisable, all the clothing having been burned off.

The Missouri is the newest and best of the battleships in the American Evolutionary Squadron under Admiral Barker, but has already shown herself to be an unlucky ship, as some weeks ago she rammed the Illinois when manoeuvring.

She was commanded by a brother-in-law of President Roosevelt.

One of the dead officers is Second-Lieutenant Gridley, son of the late Captain Gridley, who achieved distinction at the battle of Manila Bay in the Spanish-American war.

FAMILY MURDERED.

Awful Deed Coolly Confessed by the Perpetrator.

A shocking tragedy took place yesterday at Kilbirnie, Ayrshire, where an Italian ice-cream vendor named Joseph Colsbreeze, killed his wife and four children, and afterwards surrendered himself to the police.

Colsbreeze and his wife had quarrelled and had been drinking freely. Yesterday he went to his brother's house and told him that he had killed his wife and children. His brother did not believe him, thinking Colsbreeze was labouring under some delusion.

Colsbreeze thereupon went out of the house and proceeded to a medical man named Dr. Milroy, and asked for the strongest poison, adding that he wished to kill rats. Dr. Milroy, however, gave him a mild poison sufficient only to kill mice. This Colsbreeze took away with him, but it is not known whether he swallowed the stuff. His next appearance was when he walked boldly into the local police station and said, "I have killed my wife and four children."

He was detained, and upon the police proceeding to his house, in Craighouse-square, they were horrified to find that the man's statement was only too true. On the bed lay the wife, a woman of twenty-seven years, while her four children, whose ages ranged from one to five years, lay about the room with their skulls battered in by a hatchet which was found lying near by.

Colsbreeze, who when he went to the police station said he had been under the influence of drink the previous night, maintained a calm and callous demeanour. In Kilbirnie, prisoner was regarded as a quiet and industrious man.



CAPTAIN VIREN.

of the Russian cruiser Viren, who many Russians look to as the man to save their Navy, if only routine did not forbid so rapid a promotion.

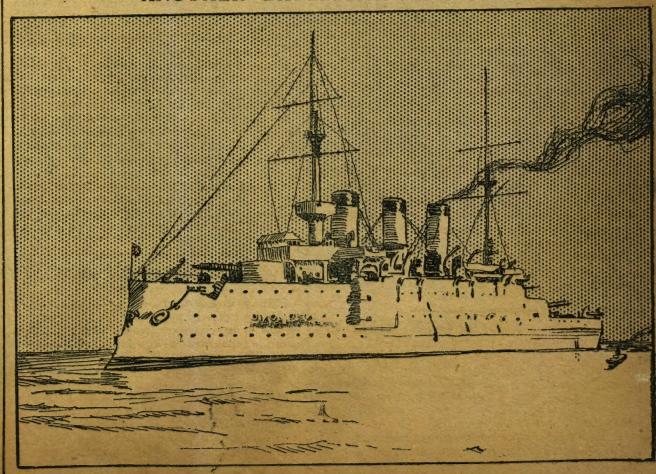
THE SUNK A1.

The wrecked submarine is not expected to be raised till the latter end of next week. The divers went down yesterday afternoon, and worked for three hours repairing leaks in the hull.

Captain Edlind, superintendent of the salvage company, said, yesterday: "We have discovered that there is a great deal of work to be done before we can start pumping air again into the wreck. The submarine was constructed to withstand external, and not internal, pressure. When our powerful pumps were set to work on Monday afternoon the force of air blew the forward hatches of the submarine open, and the air escaped nearly as fast as it was forced in."

"The spring tides commence again to-morrow, and it will be impossible to get the hull ready for another attempt before next Thursday. We shall certainly not abandon the wreck, and hope to have it raised by the end of next week. The vessel is lying on her side, on the top of a small bank of sand and shingle, but there is nothing against her sides to impede the divers' work."

ANOTHER BATTLESHIP DAMAGED.



The Pobieda, also damaged by the explosion at the time that the ill-fated Petropavlovsk was sunk. She is a newer and larger battleship of 16,000 tons, launched in 1900.

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

Last month 16,881 aliens arrived in the United Kingdom, as compared with 23,598 in March last year.

There was a full attendance of Ministers at the meeting of the Cabinet, over which Mr. Balfour presided yesterday.

William Cuff, of Keighley, was smoking in bed. The bedclothes caught fire and burned him so severely that after two days in hospital he has died.

By mutual agreement the hearing of the summonses against the Empire and Alhambra music-halls for producing "sketches" has been postponed for a fortnight.

Three hundred and fifty-nine new companies were registered during March, with a capital of £7,611,239, as against 310 in the previous month, capitalised at £9,386,463.

"Cup-Tie Final" is announced to be the Rev. W. Carllie's topic on Sunday evening next at St. Mary-at-Hill, Monument, preceded at six o'clock by sacred music with lantern and orchestra.

SEPARATED AFTER 45 YEARS.

After forty-five years of more or less happy married life, and having had twenty-one children, Catherine Knowles summoned her husband at Sheffield for desertion, and obtained a separation order. Knowles said it was impossible to live with his wife. She had lived in London, and once she split a man's head with a coal-rake.

STAINED-GLASS WAISTCOATS.

"In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of"—waistcoats. Some startling patterns are now to be seen in Regent-street. Yesterday one proud youth was seen swaggering along in a vest that at a little distance looked like a stained-glass window.

SAVING THE RATEPAYERS' MONEY.

Many ratepayers have objected to the expense of providing pianos for the elementary and secondary schools. The famous firm of Broadwood and Sons has now come forward with a generous offer to supply the schools at a nominal price. The Wimbledon district has already taken advantage of this public-spirited offer.

FELL OVER THE CAT.

Mrs. Withnall, of Paddington, walking across the room, found the cat in her way. Trying to move it with her foot, she fell, and fractured her ankle, and medical evidence, given at the Paddington Coroner's Court yesterday, showed that her death was due to pneumonia following the injury.

JUDGE CHAMPIONS THE S.E.R.

"I can never understand all these gibes at the South-Eastern Railway. I travel by it every week, and it is the most punctual service I know of," said Judge Addison, at the Southwark County Court yesterday.

A barrister in the case being considered had suggested that a gentleman accused of being late, probably was so because he travelled by the South-Eastern Railway, and he seemed somewhat surprised by the Judge's rejoinder.

ROOF LIFTED BY EXPLOSION.

A gas stove exploded in the tinplate works of Chamberlain Brothers, Birmingham, yesterday. Portions of the stove were blown through the partition of the room, the roof of the building was almost entirely blown off, and part of one of the walls of the building collapsed. Twenty workpeople had very narrow escapes, and will be out of work until the building is repaired.

"MAD AS A-PIANO TUNER."

A county court defendant pleaded that he had been obliged to give up his occupation as a piano tuner because he was afraid of going mad, which fate, he said, was largely that of members of his craft.

A *Mirror* representative yesterday asked the manager of one of Messrs. Keith, Prowse's establishments what his opinion was upon the subject. "I don't think there is anything new in it," he replied. "Their work is monotonous, but I do not think it more monotonous than other forms of work which are merely mechanical."

"A nonsense," said a doctor, who is well known as a nerve specialist. "I have two pianos myself, and I have occasionally seen the gentlemen who came to tune them. They seemed to be perfectly normal."

LAKES UNDER LONDON.

While sinking a small shaft opposite the offices of the London County Council in Spring-gardens the Gas Light and Coke Company's workmen recently came upon a sheet of water. The water is about twelve feet in depth and lies twenty-five feet below the surface of the ground.

This is the third underground lake discovered in London in the past few years. One was found some little time ago when the foundation of a new Admiralty buildings were being laid in Spring-gardens, and another in Southwark.

An eminent scientist believes in a vast lake below London, and suggested some little time ago that it might be tapped by artesian wells and made to yield a supply of pure drinking water for the whole of this vast city.

PUNCTUAL NIGHTINGALES ARRIVE.

The nightingale has been commendably punctual this spring. In a glen near Leigh-on-Sea, Southend, amid blossoming blackthorns and furze-bushes, all alike, he has already been heard in full song, having arrived on exactly the same day that he did last year.

"A bold singer is the nightingale," writes Mr. W. J. Tate, who records this first spring song. "I have heard him singing melodiously in a copse near Wembley Park Station, in spite of the noise of the passing train, and one evening last spring, when the express was rattling past the glen near Leigh, the nightingales hardly paused, but continued their songs."

For murdering his wife Ellen, by kicking her and dragging her along the road, James Campion was executed at Kilkenny yesterday.

"The Darling of the Gods" will make its first appearance in Greater London at the King's, Hammersmith, next Monday. This is quite a new departure.

By appealing to the vanity of mankind a paralysed beggar is reaping a harvest of coppers. He shows a card begging for help written in shorthand, and passers-by, pleased at being able to show their knowledge, respond readily to his appeal.

Mr. MacNeill has framed a question to the President of the Board of Trade as to whether the Board is aware of the recent smuggling from the Persian Gulf through the British custom house at Karachi of ball cartridge ammunition marked "Birmingham Arms Factory."

MODEST STAGE AMBITIONS.

The conceit and self-confidence of some who would enter into stage work is marvellous. I remember, writes the Rev. Stewart Headlam in "London Opinion," a Canon of Westminster, who, thinking no evil of the stage, sent to me his stage-struck household, hoping that I might find for her a safe entry into the profession. After a short conversation she told me that she was not very ambitious, that a small part at the Lyceum would suit her quite well to begin with.

NO CONFETTI AT WEDDINGS.

Acting on the advice of the legal secretary to the Bishop of London, the churchwardens of St. Michael's, Bowes Park, have started a crusade against confetti, and have posted a notice threatening with prosecution any person throwing confetti either in the church or in the churchyard.

The vergor has been instructed to call the attention of all persons who bring confetti to weddings to the notice.

KILLED BY THE LAMP.

Mrs. Rebecca Whitley, of Yarmouth, when going upstairs to bed, fell, and the lamp she was carrying broke. The escaping oil took fire and ignited her clothes. Her daughter Edith, aged twenty-eight, went to her assistance, and her clothing also took fire. Both women were dreadfully burned, and on removal to hospital the young woman died, while her mother is in a precarious condition.

A BOOK FOR PRINCES.

Thirty guineas seems a good deal to pay for a book, yet the whole issue of three hundred and fifty copies of the lives and work of James and William Nord, published by Messrs. Macmillan, have already been sold.

A portfolio of forty prints, all of which are genuine copper-plate engravings, is an important feature of the book, the paper for which has been specially woven in texture and colour to reproduce the highly-prized plate paper of the eighteenth century.

580 CONSTABLES FOR A MOTOR RACE.

Five hundred special constables recruited from the Yeomanry of the Isle of Man will be sworn in for service in that island on May 10, when the British motor-cars will race to see which shall represent the country in the Gordon-Bennett Cup race. With the ordinary police force of the island this will bring the total number of constables on duty on that day up to 580.

In addition to the eliminating trials, a hill-climbing trial is projected for the following day, and it is also proposed to hold speed contests as well.

FAMOUS FOXHOUNDS ON THE STAGE.

Ten couples of the famous Belvoir Hounds, for the first time in the history of the pack, appeared on the stage at Grantham last night, when "Dorothy" was being played by local amateurs for the benefit of the Farmers' Benevolent Institution. They were brought on in the second act by Ben Capell, their huntsman, played their part admirably, and were greeted with tremendous enthusiasm.

"BREAKING A BUTTERFLY."

"What is the use of committing a woman to Holloway? It is like breaking a butterfly on a wheel," said Judge Bacon, at the Bloomsbury County Court yesterday.

He was addressing the solicitor appearing for Messrs. Evans and Co., the Oxford-street drapers. This gentleman alleged that Mrs. Caroline Rogers, a lady living at Brook-green, Hammersmith, in a flat the rent of which was £20 a year, had given his clients a cheque which was dishonoured, and afterwards paid no attention to the orders of the Court calling upon her to attend and be examined as to her means.

"I will make the order because it is the law and I must," said his Honour; "but I am disinclined to. Now she will come before me and you will find she has nothing you can get out of her."

BOYS ENCOURAGED TO SMOKE PIPES.

Failing to check cigarette smoking among his pupils by other means, the head of a public school in Devon has placed an order for a large supply of briar pipes with a Birmingham firm.

"It is almost impossible to believe," said to a *Mirror* reporter Miss Adeline Nettlesworth, a North London lady, who for years has led an anti-cigarette movement in that district. "It is an enormous thing that a man in a position of such responsibility should not only countenance smoking, but by such an action actually encourage it."

A vest end tobaccoist said, "If I know anything about boys, the experiment will not be a success. The average boy will not touch a pipe if he can get a cigarette, and added to that is the fact that his enjoyment of cigarette smoking is greatly increased if it is forbidden and he has to smoke in secrecy."

Yesterday a one-legged man fell in High-street, Borough, owing to one of his crutches snapping, and his remaining leg was run over by a bus.

Thirty-three years' service, and never once absent or late. Such is the proud record of an official who is just retiring from the London County Council.

Lord Wandsworth has given a magnificent freehold house at Camden, standing on two and a half acres of beautifully cultivated ground, to the Home for Aged Jews for the purpose of their new Institution.

Mr. Wrench, whose portrait we published a few days ago, and whose picture-postcards are so popular, does not claim to be the originator of the picture-postcard in this country. Mr. Frieze Greene and others were in the field as early as Mr. Wrench, and some were there before him.

LADY REGISTRAR.

Lincolnshire has now a lady registrar of births, deaths, and marriages. At the meeting of the Board of Guardians yesterday, Miss Edith A. Creak was appointed to that position for the Long Sutton district.

NEST ON A SHIP'S MAST.

Sparrows at Dover have chosen a peculiar nesting-place. The schooner *Dovey Belle* has been in dock there for several days, loading a cargo of timber for Wales, and one of the sailors on going up the rigging yesterday discovered that a sparrow had built her nest in an angle of the mast. The nest had to be removed in order to hoist the sails.

HORSE DASHES UP HOTEL STAIRS.

During a thunderstorm at Southend-on-Sea a horse attached to a cart bolted into the Middleton Hotel. The animal rushed up a flight of stairs, but was stopped at the top by crashing into a row of heavy railings, which were smashed and twisted into all shapes.

UNNATURAL THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE.

There must be something abnormal about ten-year-old schoolboys who burgle a school in order to steal copy-books and mathematical instruments. Such an unnatural thirst for knowledge has led Arthur Dennis and Edward Thompson into trouble at Grimsby.

The school cleaner had left one of the class-room doors open, and the boys went in. Thompson ran forward and got a chisel, with which they together forced open one of the master's desks.

They were bound over to come up for judgment if called upon.

HORSE THAT REQUIRED A PRAIRIE.

The term "napper" as applied to a horse does not mean one that goes to sleep, a cabman explained to Judge Edge in Clerkenwell County Court yesterday; on the contrary the particular animal so described was very lively. Among its peculiarities was that of "running back as fast as it would go forward."

Judge Edge: Then it was too much for your cab?

The Cabman: Yes, and too much for London. It might have done all right on a prairie.

He had paid the proprietor of a West Kensington house 10s. 6d. for the hire of the horse, and sought to recover the money on account of the animal's behaviour. The judge awarded him 7s. 6d.

SAWDUST INSTEAD OF SUGAR.

Going to the premises which Charles Johnson and Henry Brown had vacated, a Bristol landlord found about a hundred packets of sawdust done up to represent bags of sugar. He was consequently surprised, for, before leaving, his tenants had paid the rent.

The parties mentioned were charged at Swindon with being concerned in a trading conspiracy. Representatives of firms in London, Bristol, Cardiff, and Gloucester were identified going to meet one prisoner found in the shop of the other, and vice versa, while in most cases there was a considerable balance unpaid on their accounts. After hearing three witnesses the magistrates adjourned the case.

WARM WEATHER BRINGS DISTRESS.

Nearly 150 men appeared at Worship-street Police Court to seek the advice and assistance of the magistrate as to obtaining work.

A *Mirror* representative who saw an official at the Salvation Army headquarters yesterday was informed that these men had been sent to the Hadleigh Colony last winter during severe weather, and were now unemployed. They were given to understand that they could only remain at Hadleigh during the winter, and have now been returned to London since the fine weather has set in.

Whilst the men were at Hadleigh they were engaged on the construction of roads and other work in connection with the development of the colony, for which they were paid a weekly wage.

KILLS 13,000 BABIES A YEAR.

Measles kills about 13,000 infants in England and Wales every year, and this terrible mortality shows no signs of decreasing, and the number has risen in the last twenty years. Discussing this at their last meeting, the Society of Medical Officers of Health agreed, says the "British Medical Journal," that the prevalence of this mild and preventable disease was due to the custom, unknown in other countries, of crowding the infant schools with babies from three to six years of age.

These children, too young to be capable of learning lessons, are kept for five hours on five days in the week in a foul atmosphere, the effects of which they cannot throw off by an active game in the interval, for the purpose of earning the Government grant for attendance and to relieve the mothers of their natural duties as parents. They provide about 75 per cent. of the cases of measles and 90 to 95 per cent. of the deaths.

Prince Alexander of Teck has taken up his duties at Aldershot as extra aide-de-camp on the staff of Sir John French.

As a token of their grief, a broken bat was sent by his club comrades to the funeral of a Tunbridge Wells cricketer yesterday.

Hung up in St. John's Church at Harlow, Essex, is a bag into which members of the congregation are invited by the vicar to drop suggestions for next week's sermon.

The homeward-bound liner *Severn*, belonging to the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, landed passengers for the first time at Dover yesterday morning, instead of Southampton.

The thirty-knot destroyer *Bittern* was passed out of the dockyard at Sheerness yesterday ready to perform escorting duties on the return voyage of the King and Queen across the North Sea.

After medical evidence had been called, George Hallam, the Camberwell draughtsman accused of administering chloroform to his two children in an empty flat, was yesterday committed for trial.

EXTRA PAY FOR APPEARANCES.

Sandwich-board men carrying hoariss up and down the Strand advertising the coming May meetings are receiving extra pay, and grumbling. Many of the religious and temperance societies being advertised object to the men's smoking during business hours, and pay them increased wages to abstain.

WAS IT PROFANITY?

In answer to a charge of using profane language Commander H. K. Gregson told the Bangor Bench that he only used the word "bally." Possibly it was easy to mistake that word for another. He called a policeman a "bally fool," but "bally" was not profanity. "At least, that's what Webster's Dictionary says," the Commander added, "because I looked it up before I came here." The magistrate either disagreed from Webster or doubted the Commander's statement, for he was fined ten shillings.

PAID THE LAST DEBT.

At the inquest at York last evening on Mr. Thomas Percy Noble, solicitor, York, son of the legal secretary to the Archbishop of York, the jury found that he committed suicide whilst temporarily insane.

On Wednesday he was arrested on a county court commitment for debt, but left the bailiff to go to a lavatory, and is supposed to have drunk poison while there. He died in his office twenty minutes later. Mr. Noble was fifty-three years of age and a widower.

ROBBED CHAPELS FOR THE THEATRE.

Precocious love of the theatre led to the appearance of Arthur Perratt, aged eleven, James Cunneen, the same age, and Alfred, his brother, aged nine, at Kingston-on-Thames Police Court yesterday. They were remanded on a charge of having sacrilegiously broken into three Nonconformist chapels and stolen the contents of collecting-boxes, besides six bottles of wine. After breaking into the chapels with a chopper the children had tea at a shop, and went together to a theatre.

PRISONER'S SINGULAR ESCAPE.

A young man named Alger, arrested in London on a charge of stealing a watch at Cardiff, has given the police the slip during his journey westward.

The constable who had charged him took him into the refreshment room at Swindon Junction to let him have a cup of tea, and on returning to the train the man escaped amid the crowd.

He is still at large.

BRICKLAYER SUES FOR DIVORCE.

The Divorce Court is expensive, and it is not often that a person in such humble circumstances as a bricklayer appears there. Therefore the case of *Child v. Child* was exceptional. Samuel Child is a bricklayer of Keeton, near Rotherham, and his wrongs were so great that he was driven to appeal to the Court. There it was stated that Mrs. Child had given way to drink; had stolen a sum of money which her husband had in his possession as treasurer of an Oddfellows' lodge, and misconducted herself with a man named Thomas Harper. The husband's petition was granted.

RUINED BY GERMAN COMPETITION.

A witness for Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal policy was heard at the Lambeth County Court yesterday. Thomas Taylor, a rope manufacturer, of Herne Hill, who was appearing in answer to a judgment summons in respect to a draper's account for £215s. 9d., said German competition had ruined his trade. It had made him lose £11,000, and driven him completely out of business. The plaintiffs could offer no evidence to the contrary, and no order was made.

WANE OF THE CHAUFFEUR.

Chauffeurs have hitherto been the bane of motorists. They have taken advantage of the average owner's ignorance of mechanics to run up costly bills for repairs simply to claim a commission from the repairer.

A company now being floated in Birmingham will, however, for a fixed sum per annum, undertake to keep a car in running order. The fee for a high-power four-wheeler will be about £40. In future the chauffeur will make no profit out of repairs.

FIFTY-FIVE YEARS A CRICKETER.

Mr. S. Clifford, who plays cricket for the Richmond Town Club, is the fortunate possessor of the best amateur bowling record in England—that is, for a man over whose head sixty-four years have passed.

He has played cricket for fifty-five years, and has taken ten wickets for one run, whilst on another occasion he took ten wickets for five runs. Seven wickets with seven successive balls, and five wickets with five successive balls, have been other notable performances.

SECRET MARRIAGE ROMANCE.

Mother-in-Law Sued for Damages by a Major's Son.

LOVE AND LIBEL.

Such a mixture of law, romance, and intrigue as that served up yesterday to Mr. Justice Lawrence and a special jury has very rarely been known in the High Court, experienced as it is in each of these matters severally.

Mr. Caleb Henry Foxwell, a young man who confessed in the witness-box to an extremely varied career during the working part of his thirty-four years-long life, sued his mother-in-law, Mrs. Shafto Grene, of Kempton Court, Exeter, for libel, and accused her of having robbed him of his wife.

It was the story of how Mr. Foxwell wooed and won that wife, and eloped with her and married her secretly, rather than the subsidiary tale of the alleged libellous communications—which Mrs. Grene was stated to have written shortly before Mr. Foxwell's wife finally left him—that kept the Court as engrossed as it was listening to the most sensational and thrilling novel ever published.

In the latter part of 1901 Mr. Foxwell was employed as manager of the "Irish National Condensed Milk Company," at Clonmel, in Ireland.



MRS. FOXWELL, whose romantic secret marriage gave rise to yesterday's libel action.—(Sketched in court by a "Mirror" artist.)

While travelling from London to Waterford by steamboat he noticed a young lady suffering very much from sea-sickness.

The gallant young manager gave her all the assistance that such a case permits of, and ran to fetch some brandy for her.

The acquaintance began in this uncomfortable way proved to be very pleasant afterwards to both parties. Miss Vera Grene, for it was Mrs. Shafto Grene's daughter who was sea-sick, had come to spend a holiday in Ireland. During her stay she entered into correspondence with Mr. Foxwell.

Ultimately it was arranged, with her mother's consent, that Mr. Foxwell should escort her back to England, and pay a visit to Kempton Court—her Devonshire home.

His reception was so hospitable that he decided to accept an invitation to pay another visit at the following Christmas, and soon after this he became the acknowledged aspirant to Miss Vera Grene's hand. In fact, it was understood that they should be married when his position permitted such a thing.

Hoped to Get a "Berth."

Mr. Foxwell, according to his own account, became Mrs. Grene's prospective son-in-law without any disguise on his part about his social position. He had stated that he "hoped to get a berth in South Africa under Sir Hely Hutchinson through the influence of his friend Lord Donoughmore," and had also made it clear "that he held a position in Ireland in an undertaking under the supervision of the Irish Government" (the condensed milk company).

The first intimation that he received that Mrs. Grene did not look on him with unmitigated favour was made to him during a visit which he paid to London during Coronation week. He was in attendance on Mrs. and Miss Grene, and at their invitation accompanied them to dinner as guest of Mr. Hill, their solicitor.

After dinner, when the ladies had retired, Mr. Hill said, abruptly, "You must give up that young lady."

At Mr. Hill's request Mr. Foxwell then gave a long explanation about his position and prospects, and, being asked for guarantees of character, pointed out that he was a Freemason, and that only men of the highest character could become such.

He made no concealment—so he declared in evidence—that his salary was only £120 a year. To balance this he had a grandfather of great wealth, from whom he had "expectations."

His Sweetheart Remains True.

In spite of the fact that Mrs. Grene now became very cool and distant Miss Grene stuck to her lover.

"God bless you for your sweet letters, that have put fresh life into me," was one of the messages that she sent him.

Her letters showed that things were being made very uncomfortable for her at Kempton Lodge, but

YESTERDAY'S LAW AND POLICE.

she looked at the brightest side of things, and in a letter wrote:—"What are all these paltry misadventures compared to our love? . . . Come and take me away. Vera will love her Harry." The letters read by Mr. Terrell, K.C., in his opening on behalf of Mr. Foxwell showed how Vera's position became more and more uncomfortable. Shortly afterwards Mr. Foxwell heard from her to the effect that:—"Terrible things are going to happen. My father is going to be told." This, said Mr. Terrell, was the first time that Mr. Foxwell had been acquainted with the existence of a Mr. Grene. He had before believed that Mrs. Grene was a widow.

Father on the Warpath.

Another letter said:—"Father is on the warpath. You must come at once and secure me." So Mr. Foxwell, although he had given a sort of undertaking at his interview with Mr. Hill that he would not marry Vera for three months, felt himself obliged to write in reply:—"My precious love, —Yes, I will marry you in October."

Mr. Grene, on the warpath, was apparently so terrible that Vera proceeded to arrange an elopement. She came to stay in Southsea, and here



CALEB HENRY FOXWELL, who yesterday sued his mother-in-law, Mrs. Shafto Grene, for libel.—(Sketched in court by a "Mirror" artist.)

she was joined by Mr. Foxwell, who declared yesterday that he tried to dissuade her from any hasty step.

He consented, however, to be married to her, and the contract was signed at the Portsmouth Registry Office. Mr. Foxwell's age was given as thirty-two years; Miss Grene's as twenty-one.

Then Mr. Foxwell proceeded to his work in Ireland, and Miss Grene, now Mrs. Foxwell, returned to her unsuspecting mother.

The secret was not kept for long. Another gentleman made love to her, and Vera was obliged to make a confession of her marriage. Mrs. Grene, on hearing the whole story, was very angry, and one of the first things she did was to send a telegram to Mr. Foxwell, saying, "Vera refuses to live with you.—Shafto Grene."

"Pray Vory Hard for Vera."

A pathetic little note from Vera about this period said: "Pray very hard for Vera. Lead us not into temptation. Say that very hard for me."

Another note asked "When are you coming to save your little wife? Dear, you have nearly lost me. When are you coming for your wee wife?" Ultimately Mrs. Shafto Grene became so far reconciled to the state of things that she caused the following announcement to be inserted in the wedding column of the papers:—

Foxwell—Shafto Grene.—At Portsmouth, Caleb Henry Foxwell, son of the late Major Foxwell, of Clonmel, to Vera, eldest daughter of Major Shafto Grene, of Kempton Lodge, Exeter, and granddaughter of the late Captain W. H. Shafto, of Badington Hall, Northumberland.

At Mrs. Grene's invitation Mr. Foxwell had an interview with her at Southsea, and she then said that she did not wish a religious ceremony to take place in addition to the registry office proceedings, as Mr. Foxwell proposed, because she did not believe in parsons—least that was Mr. Foxwell's account of the interview. Mrs. Grene also caused wedding cake to be sent round.

After this it was arranged that Mr. Foxwell should take his wife to Clonmel, and to Clonmel they accordingly went. Here married happiness turned into married unhappiness, because of Mrs. Grene's interference. Mr. Foxwell avers—because of Mr. Foxwell's bad behaviour, Mrs. Grene and her daughter declare.

Mrs. Foxwell Leaves Her Husband.

On March 11 last year, after a quarrel about some bills contracted by Miss Gladys Grene, who was staying at Clonmel, Mrs. Foxwell left her husband's home "on a visit to her mother," and has not returned to him since. A child was born in the summer at Broadstairs.

It was shortly before Mrs. Foxwell finally left Clonmel that Mrs. Grene is alleged to have issued the libels complained of.

The first of these was contained in a telegram signed Julie Smith, a lady to whom Mr. Foxwell was formerly engaged, but the latter declares that Miss Smith was not the sender. The telegram handed in at Vigo-street ran:—

"Shall split on you, scoundrel!"

The intention of the telegram, in Mr. Terrell's view, was to prejudice Mr. Foxwell at Clonmel, by suggesting that he was being accused of something like this.

Mr. Terrell also complained of passages con-

tained in letters which Mrs. Grene wrote to Mr. Foxwell's mother and Mrs. Foxwell.

Among these passages were the phrases:—

"To feel that my daughter is the wife of a weak and lying poltroon is my greatest grief." "Money was all he wanted. What a consummate blackguard he is!"

"Even strangers, as well as my relations, dub you as being a cad and a blackguard, and so you have proved yourself."

[A copy of this letter was sent to Mr. Foxwell's mother, as well as to Mr. Foxwell.]

In another letter Mrs. Grene stated that Mr. Foxwell was given his congé by a Miss Bell, another young lady to whom he had been previously engaged, when that young lady found out that he was making inquiries about how much money she would inherit.

Dressed in a very close-fitting, well-buttoned-up frock coat, Mr. Foxwell, who is a young man with ordinary features, a slight moustache, and an easy manner of address, repeated the substance of the above story as far as he himself came into it. He was listened to with occasional little marks of impatience by two ladies wearing mourning, who sat together directly below him.

The elder of these ladies was Mrs. Shafto Grene; the younger, extremely pretty, lady Mrs. Vera Foxwell.

When Mr. Foxwell reached the incidents that caused Mrs. Foxwell's departure from Clonmel he declared that he was annoyed because Miss Gladys Grene ran up bills at the drapers' for unnecessary articles.

Mr. Lawson Walton: They were sheets. Mrs. Foxwell wrote to complain that she had to sleep between blankets.

An Irish Custom!

Mr. Justice Lawrence was at this point understood to remark that this was nothing extraordinary. They never had sheets in Ireland.

Mr. Lawson Walton, on rising to cross-examine, at first devoted himself to obtaining a list of Mr. Foxwell's occupations and professions before he became manager of the condensed milk company. The list that he obtained was as follows:—

In a solicitor's office.

Occasional help to the stewards of a cross-Channel boat.

Employe of a firm of accountants.

Assistant to a cycle firm at Winchester.

Assistant to an Oriental importer at Westminster.

After this Mr. Walton turned to the subject of Mr. Foxwell's previous engagements to young ladies—not engagements in businesses.

"Let me see," replied Mr. Foxwell, his hesitation causing great merriment in court, "only two,



MRS. SHAFTO GRENE, the mother of Mrs. Foxwell, who is alleged to have libelled her daughter's husband.—(Sketched in court by a "Mirror" artist.)

that's all. The other was not an engagement. It was an understanding."

Mr. Walton: There was Miss Julie Smith and Miss Bell. Who was the understanding?

Mr. Foxwell: I was never really engaged to Miss Bell.

Mr. Walton: Oh, I see. She was the understanding.

After Mr. Foxwell had been questioned with regard to certain accusations that he had made to his wife against Mrs. Grene—among other things, he had stated that she wished to get her daughter married to be out of the way—the hearing of the case was adjourned.

WOOLWICH CANNON'S FATE.

At Woolwich Police Court the three men, Sexton, Jones, and Atkins, who were charged with the theft of six cannon from the Rotunda Gardens, Woolwich Common, and Davies, who is charged with receiving the cannon, were again brought up on remand. Sexton has already made a statement to the police, and yesterday Mr. Fraying, for the Treasury, intimated that Jones and Atkins had followed the same course.

Major Daddell, of the Royal Artillery, who was first called, said it was not possible to place any historic value on the six guns, because there were no duplicates. The total weight was 1,176lb., and the price at which bronze was sold made the cannon worth £58 16s.

A Plumstead painter named Smith, employed by Davies, recalled a visit paid to the latter by Sexton, who said he had some gun-metal for him. Davies had a furnace on his premises, and he (Smith) recollected small cannon being melted into bottle shape. When witness asked Davies if he had heard about the matter, he said, "No, and you know nothing about it."

The prisoners were committed for trial,

CROSSMAN'S VICTIMS.

His Lawful Wife Claims Her Wedding Presents.

Some further details of the methods by which the notorious murderer Crossman preyed upon the women whom he drew into his net were given in the course of a case which came before the Willenden Bench yesterday.

Mrs. Edith Caroline Crossman, the only lawful wife of the murderer of Nurse Sampson, had summoned two pawnbrokers and Stephen James Treloar, the landlord of the house in Ladysmith-road, Kensal Rise, where the woman was murdered, and where the Crossmans were residing at the time the tin box and its ghastly contents were discovered. She claimed the restoration of a quantity of jewellery and household effects which the defendants had detained.

Summonses had also been taken out against the pawnbrokers and the landlord by Mr. Arthur Owen, of Folkestone, who alleged that a sapphire and diamond ring and a gold watch and chain detained by them had formerly belonged to Mrs. Sampson. As the nearest of kin he claimed these articles as his property.

Mrs. Crossman, who was married in January, 1903, identified the articles as her own property, which had been in the house at Ladysmith-road at the time of her husband's death. In answer to Mr. Pierron, who appeared for Mr. Treloar, she declared that many of the articles were wedding presents to her alone. She knew that her husband owed over £7 rent, and that Miss Welch, one of Crossman's "wives," claimed some of the goods, and that the landlord had handed them over to her.

Two Wives Meet.

Mr. Pierron: Your husband brought Miss Welch to the house in Ladysmith-road as his wife?

Mrs. Crossman: Yes, but I wasn't there at the first.

Mr. Pierron: They lived together in the house when you were there as Mr. and Mrs. Seaton?—I don't know. He was sleeping in the kitchen.

While Miss Welch was there, you and Crossman went to the Post Office Savings Bank and drew out Miss Welch's money—£50?—Yes, but he told me the money was owing to him from Miss Welch's brother.

You represented yourself as Annie Welch at the post office?—Yes.

And signed for the money as Annie Welch?—No; he did.

In answer to Mr. Lockett (the chairman), witness said Crossman had about £50 of her money when she married him, and also £19 from her sister.

Mortuary Keeper's Perquisites.

The property of the murdered woman, with respect to which the brother subsequently gave evidence, included a wedding ring given to her by her first husband. Mr. Owen said he was anxious to obtain the articles in order that they should not be publicly exhibited. He denied that he had had an offer for the jewellery for exhibition purposes. He was aware that the tin trunk and casket had been sold to Madame Tussaud's, but he had nothing to do with it.

Inspector Pollard said the box and the casket were left in the custody of the Crown, and the coroner allowed the mortuary keeper to take them. They were sold, but the public exhibition of them had been stopped.

The Bench made an order that the landlord (Mr. Treloar) should deliver up the goods on the payment of one month's rent, and dismissed the summonses taken by Mr. Owen against the pawnbrokers.

DOCTOR PROVED.

Bart's Surgeons and Their Police Court Fees.

Alderman Sir John Bell, sitting at the Mansion House Police Court yesterday, found cause to comment in strong terms on the attitude taken up by certain doctors at St. Bartholomew's Hospital with regard to police-court fees.

Having given evidence in a case of assault, Dr. Burroughs, one of the resident surgeons, before leaving the witness-box, applied for his fee.

The Chief Clerk: Your fee will be paid in due course. I am sorry to say we have always this difficulty with the doctors of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. When this case was first before the Court we sent to the hospital to inquire as to the man's injuries; but the message sent back by the doctor was, "We decline to say anything until our fees have been paid."

The Alderman: As a governor of the hospital, I am very much astonished that any such message should have been sent from that institution, either to this or any other court.

Dr. Burroughs: But the fees have not been paid.

The Alderman: That is a matter of indifference to me. An answer of that kind was in the highest degree improper.

The Chief Clerk said the difficulty had occurred before.

The Alderman: I am quite sure that notice will be taken of this by the hospital authorities, and that such a thing will not occur again—at least, I hope not.

Dr. Burroughs: The difficulty has occurred before, and we have not got our fees.

The Alderman: Whether you get your fee or not, it is your duty to attend here.

CONFRONTED WITH TWO HUSBANDS.

When Jane Elliott, forty, of Norfolk-street, Poplar, was charged at the Thames Court with bigamy, both husbands appeared in court.

Joseph Richard Smith said he was married to prisoner in 1897. He knew she had been through the ceremony before, and was legally separated from her husband by the Worship-street magistrate. They both believed she was free to marry. Witness gave prisoner into custody because she kept nagging him through his inability to get employment. They had lived together before.

Prisoner was sent for trial, bail being £10.

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. TO-NIGHT, at 9.
JOSEPH ENTANGLED. By Henry Arthur Jones.
Preceded at 8.20 by THE WIDOW WOOD.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.
THE DARLING OF THE GODS.
By David Belasco and John Luther Long.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.
Box Office (Mr. Watts) open daily 10 to 10.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. Mr. LEWIS WALLER.
TO-MORROW (SATURDAY) at 8.30, will be produced
A Romantic Comedy, entitled
MISS ELIZABETH'S PRISONER.
Capt. Harry Peyton Mr. LEWIS WALLER.
FIRST MATINEE WEDNESDAY NEXT at 2.30.
Box-office open 10 to 6. Telephone 5,195 Gerrard.

ST. JAMES'S.—Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.30 in
"SATURDAY TO MONDAY."
An Irresponsible Comedy in Three Acts.
By Frederick Fenn and Richard Pryce.
FIRST MATINEE WEDNESDAY NEXT at 2.30.
AND EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY following.
Box-office open 10 to 10. Tel. 3903 Ger.—ST. JAMES'S.

STRAND THEATRE. Proprietor and Manager, Mr. FRANK CURZON. A CHINESE HONEYMOON is a comedy, by George Dance. Made to Order. Talbot. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.

THE OXFORD.—R. G. KNOWLES, HARRY RANDALL, GEORGE BOBEY, George Lashwood, FUS ELEY, The McNaughtons, HARRY LAUDER, the Plunkie, Fanny Fields, and hosts of other stars.—Open 7.35.
SATURDAY MATINEE at 2.30.
Manager—Mr. ALBERT GILMER.

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The Daily Illustrated Mirror.

FRIDAY, APRIL 16, 1904.

GUARANTEED DAILY CIRCULATION
EXCEEDS 145,000 COPIES.

TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

We can well understand the feelings of depression and dismay which are shared at this moment by all the subjects of the Tsar. We, too, have been through the dark waters of national tribulation. We know the numbed shock which follows the news of disaster. Our hearts must go out to any nation which has an experience like ours in December, 1899.

The sinking of the Petropavlovsk, and the loss of their most capable seaman, is not the full extent of the disaster which has overtaken the Tsar's fleet. Another battleship, the Pobieda, has been damaged; a destroyer has been totally destroyed; and we must add to the actual weakening of their force the effect which such losses have upon the spirit of the men before we can appreciate the whole of the Russian misfortune. There is not even the poor consolation of attributing it to accident instead of to the weapons of the enemy, for it is pretty clear now that the Petropavlovsk was torpedoed.

In the presence of such a national sorrow we cannot, however great our sympathy with Japan, refrain from offering the Russian people our sincere and respectful condolence.

America is, in the popular estimation, the country of "divorce while you wait." In this case, as in most others, the popular estimation is not altogether wrong. There are States where you can get divorced for any reason, or none. On the other hand, in New York State, and in several others, the law is much the same as it is here. Taking the country as a whole, it is fair to say that divorce is an easier matter than in England. Even Americans themselves realise this, for the Protestant Churches in the United States have just decided that something must be done to increase respect for the marriage bond.

What they propose is that steps shall be taken to prevent the re-marriage of divorced persons. We cannot think it likely that their efforts will meet with much success. The tendency of the age is in the direction of regarding marriage as a civil contract, terminable at the will of the parties, either by joint agreement or by process of law. And to make it more difficult for divorced persons to marry again would both inflict hardship upon individuals and also increase the number of irregular unions, probably leading as well to an increase of promiscuous immorality.

While we entirely agree with our correspondents who denounce "park pests," it is diffi-

cult to see what can be done to keep our public places free from the filthy creatures who infest them in fine weather. The only possible plan would be to give the park-keepers the power to turn out "undesirables," and that would be pretty sure to lead to "regrettable incidents." It is painful that there should be in our midst so many dirty wretches swarming with vermin, clad in horrid rags, and able to exist without doing any work. That they should pollute the open spaces where we send our children to play is unspeakably loathsome and degrading.

The only thing that could be done would be to enforce with much greater severity the law which requires everyone to have some "visible means of subsistence." If the police raided the parks regularly every sunny morning, and obliged these blots upon creation to give an account of themselves, there would soon be a diminution in their number. Nothing short of this, so far as we can see, would have any appreciable effect. No hardship would be inflicted, for the police would distinguish between those who were clearly of the "pest" class and those who merely have the misfortune to be poor; and even if a mistake were made, it could very quickly be put right before a magistrate.

A correspondent, gifted with a stern sense of logic, asks whether we would apply the maxim, "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat," to the rich as well as to the poor. If we had to draw up the constitution of an ideal State, we certainly should. But, as a matter of practical politics, it cannot be done at present. In time, no doubt, the idle man in this country will be looked upon with the same contempt as he now draws upon himself in America. The "gospel of work" will be preached and practised once more. Every member of the community will be expected to justify his existence.

But this healthy condition of opinion cannot be expected just yet. We have so far not even begun to understand the great truth that the drones are a drag upon the car of progress. We do not realise that the man who does no work is cheating the community out of the amount of labour of which he is capable. Some day, perhaps, we shall teach such truths as this in our schools instead of making boys write verse in dead languages and girls learn to convert the piano into an instrument of torture only to be compared with the worst barbarities of the Spanish Inquisition.

We are quite certain the majority of our readers will sympathise with us when we express our regret that the famous firm of Broadwood is going to make it more easy for

BEASTS ONE MEETS.—No. 7.



THE WHISTLE-IN-THE-STREET BEAST.

Board schools to get pianos, if these pianos are to be used for teaching purposes. Musical drill is an excellent thing, and should be encouraged. Singing in chorus, too, is good exercise, and ought to have a civilising influence. But no one should be allowed to play any musical instrument unless they have a decided talent for it. Indiscriminate piano teaching is a curse to every ear.

"SATURDAY TO MONDAY."

Mr. George Alexander in an
"Irresponsible Comedy" at
the St. James's Theatre.

In a holiday spirit worthy of the title of the new play at the St. James's Mr. Alexander has skipped from a foreign failure to a home success. What-ever have been Mr. Alexander's fortunes with alien playwrights, he can still boast of having done more for the home-grown article in the way of drama than any other of our leading managers.

Was it not he who had the daring to introduce the hitherto frolicsome Pinero to us as a profoundly serious person in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray"? This "Saturday to Monday" is another case of daring, exercised though it be in the opposite direction. Not only is it the work of young authors—Mr. Frederick Fenn and Mr. Richard Pryce—but it is a play so light-hearted that even the phrase "irresponsible comedy" hardly suffices. "The Importance of Being Earnest" is philosophic compared with it.

A Surprise Party.

The mere fact that between the fateful Saturday to Monday Mr. Alexander proposes to and is accepted by four several ladies, fair and otherwise, sends one's memory flying back at once to Bob Sackett and Sir Charles Wyndham's more than "irresponsible" days at the Criterion. However, the circumstances were exceptional, for Mr. Alexander is on this occasion nothing less than a peer of the realm, by name Lord Culvert of Alcester, and he is paying a Saturday to Monday visit to an old flame of his, Mrs. Wendover, a pretty widow (presumably a widow), played by Miss Lilian Braithwaite.

She had invited him to go down to her cottage at Thames Eton "any Saturday to Monday." As a matter of fact, she had invited all her friends to go down "any Saturday to Monday." Lord Culvert of Alcester went the very first Saturday to Monday that ever dawned. So did all the other friends. That is the beginning of the fun, which, throughout the whole of the first act, is very real and romping, especially as Mrs. Wendover had also promised her cottage that evening to the local curate for a "mother's meeting."

Love-making All Round.

This, however, represents but a preparing of the field for the exploits of Lord Culvert of Alcester. Owing to a misunderstanding between himself and Mrs. Wendover, Lord Culvert was in something of a "don't-care" mood so far as love was concerned, so in lieu of other propositions rejected in advance, he proposes to make love to every woman in the place in turn. He begins with an old dowager (Miss Elinor Aickin), proceeds to the curate's sister (Miss Frances Weatherall), dealing afterwards with Miss Skeat, the curate's sister's friend.

In each case he is triumphantly successful, clocking himself to an average of ten minutes with each. Such excellent practice does the experience prove that, in merely telling the story to Mrs. Wen-

dover herself, he manages to make her grow suddenly quite fond of him in the space of four minutes and a half, so sincere does he seem. This little point, by the way, marks the best piece of acting so far as Mr. Alexander is concerned. His protestations made one quite forget his watch.

Lastly comes the problem as to what to do with the various ladies. Lord Culvert's resource does not fail him. He tells them he was only making love on behalf of his secretary (Mr. Vane Tempest), a conscientious, poor relation, who is really making love to a cousin of the name of Angela (Miss Beatrice Forbes Robertson), to whom Lord Culvert is supposed to be engaged. In each case Lord Culvert arranges a rendezvous on the island in the backwater, whither all the ladies concerned hie them as speedily as may be—the dowager tumbling into the water in her eagerness to get to the island in a canoe.

Full of Promise.

In the conclusion none of the poor old ladies are really appeased, the secretary allowing himself to be, like the loyal toast, "taken as drunk" in exchange for the privilege of marrying Angela. This is, one must confess, the weakest part of the play. Broken hearts are broken hearts, even in an "irresponsible comedy," and they have to be mended before the curtain falls. Also one is not allowed to forget quite sufficiently how much the humour of the last part of the play depends upon age being made to appear ridiculous in women, a method of mirth that may be used once with discretion, but hardly three times running as it is in the latter part of "Saturday to Monday."

But the first act is quite screaming, the whole of the play is a promising effort on the part of its young authors, and the playing of Miss Skeat by Miss Alice Beil is one of the most brilliant examples of quiet character acting that the London stage has seen for some time.

[A photograph of a scene in the play appears on p. 1.]

LONDON'S SLAVE MARKET.

While the strike of Jewish bakers in the East End continues, the crowds of Jews who throng the footpath and roadway of Goulston-street, Aldgate, increase day by day. Goulston-street is what is generally known as the slave market of the East.

It is here the alien Jews that pour out of the gates of London's docks every day of the year are "dumped," and it is from here that the Jewish master or tradesman of the East End recruits his staff of workers.

There is no mistaking the "sweater"; he is usually the only Jew in the locality wearing a collar or cuffs, though his linen does not bear the hall mark of cleanliness. He is in search of perhaps a cobbler, a baker or two, a joiner, a painter, and a tailor. As soon as the Jews crowd round him he states his requirements.

He may not find a single man in the crowd who has any knowledge of any of the trades, but that does not matter in the least, for he picks out his men just the same as if they were all competent workmen, and proceeds to bargain with them on the point of wages.

He will offer anything from 3s. a week upwards; the cheaper he obtains his man the greater the commission he receives.

The Jew in search of work will take any wage, sufficient to buy bread only, for he never requires any money for rent, as he always sleeps in the workshop of his employer. The tailor who has slaved from fifteen to twenty hours a day makes a bed of cuttings in the workshop, and the baker, who works even as many as twenty hours a day, sleeps the remaining four hours on the kneading-board whilst the bread is baking in the oven.

A pretty book about the New Forest, with pictures and descriptions by Mrs. Willingham Rawnsley, has just been published by A. and C. Black.

ZOO SURGERY.

Exciting Operations on Wild Beasts.

A LEOPARD'S RAGE.

The wild animals in captivity at zoological gardens fall ill and suffer from accidents even more frequently than domestic animals.

In the past a zoo inmate, as soon as it became seriously ill, was killed, but now they are as carefully doctored and treated as human beings.

The operations a surgeon is called upon to perform in a zoo are many and various. A lion has a crushed paw; a leopard has an abscess on its shoulder; the splintered tusk of an elephant must be pulled out; a bear is frantic with a decayed and aching tooth; a hyena's tail, badly bitten, must be dressed; a tiger is lame and ferocious with an ingrowing nail; a panther is choking with a bone.

There are men attached to every collection of wild animals who will enter the cage of a lion or a leopard with as little hesitancy as a groom the stall of a horse. They know they will be sprung upon—they are prepared for the spring. In one hand they have a wooden chair, and in the other hand a whip. They flick the animal with the whip, steering him here and there about his cage; and the chair is their shield against his spring. When the spring comes up goes the chair, shield fashion, legs outward, and it is on these threatening, bristling legs, which hurt, that the animal lights.

"Etherising" a Leopard.

The writer was present at some interesting operations on animals, which he was able to photograph. These are reproduced on pages 1 and 8.

A leopard was frantic with a sore upon his shoulder. The nature of this sore was unknown. It was necessary to examine it.

The animal was lassoed, and two ropes were made fast to his neck, each rope pulling in an opposite direction. Slowly and carefully, easing up one rope at a time, a half-dozen keepers drew the leopard from his own cage, which was small and shadowy, to a larger, lighter one. It was horrible to see the rage of the animal as he was drawn along. His bright, lithe body twisted and writhed in incredibly swift and powerful movements—he was like a black and gold pinwheel.

He caught a bar of his cage in his teeth. He bit and crunched at the iron until a bloody froth, interspersed with white splinters broken from his teeth, appeared upon his lips in a thick mass.

After he had at last entered the larger cage, the ropes were loosened, and a keeper, with his whip and chair, appeared. The leopard advanced with a snarl, and crouched, about to spring, but the man very quickly turned his chair, legs outward, towards the animal, and this chair, which had seemed harmless enough before, had now, with its bristling, outspread legs, a threatening and dangerous look. The leopard, afraid of it, slouched away, pretending he had not been going to spring.

Bound Fast.

But he would not let the keeper approach him, and therefore the ropes were tightened again, and other ropes were thrown about his legs. He was powerless in a little while—bound fast. Then they laid him on a table, and the sore on his shoulder was examined.

A splinter of wood it appeared, had buried itself in the flesh. It would be necessary to cut the splinter out.

But the moment a hand was laid upon the leopard, he strained so dreadfully at his fastenings that it was feared he would burst a blood-vessel. It was decided, therefore, to etherise him.

The surgeon soaked a cloth in ether and laid it across the leopard's muzzle. The animal shivered and writhed—then sighed deeply—then was quite still. Soon the splinter was extracted and the wound dressed. The leopard was carried back to his cage, to find, on coming to, that the pain of his hurt shoulder was all gone.

The next operation was to cut the nails on an elephant's foot.

All wild animals require occasional manuring, as through lack of exercise they are very apt to suffer from ingrowing nails. The treatment of elephants is a comparatively easy matter, but when the larger carnivora are treated an anæsthetic has generally to be administered.



MAJOR-GENERAL MACKINNON, who commanded the C.I.V. in South Africa, has been appointed to succeed Major-General Turner as Director of Auxiliary Forces on the Army Headquarters staff.

RAG RISKS.

"The 'rag and bone' man is a distinct element of danger amongst the working-classes, says a medical officer. His cart, full of rags and rubbish—which should have been burnt—laden with micro-organisms, is usually surrounded by a crowd of young children, who run serious risks of infection.

JULY IN APRIL.

Yesterday Was Hotter Than Most Summer Days.

Yesterday was the hottest day London has experienced for many months past. It was hotter than many days in the so-called summer of last year. About noon the temperature in the sun equalled that of a July day, and Londoners tried in vain to get cool.

No leaves are yet on the trees, so it was impossible to find shade except in the cool precincts of the Temple, which were thronged with people during the luncheon hour.

In the restaurants hot dishes were at a discount; people were clamouring for fruit, iced lemonade, and cool drinks. The supply of ice-cream gave out in many places in the West End; and the tea-shops were thronged with thirsty shoppers.

In Hyde Park the open-air tea place was visited by many people in the hope that it might be open; and there were many hopeful visitors to the

MARRIED IN GAOL.

Convict Takes His Wife to Penal Servitude.

In the gaol at Rioni, France, there is a prisoner, named Moses Gondchoux, who is undergoing a sentence for theft, and who is shortly to be sent to the penal settlement of Cayenne. He has already been convicted nine times, and is a notorious criminal.

Gondchoux is about to be married to Mlle. Eléonore Corentin de Kermol, the daughter of the Marquis Georges-Marie Corentin Penon de Kermol and of Henriquette Lambert, who was born in Brazil, and is now forty years of age.

Gondchoux, who is thirty-seven years old, is of medium height and distinctly attractive appearance. For the wedding he will be allowed to leave off his prison garments, and the warders will for the occasion act as guests. His future wife intends to accompany her husband to the penitentiary colony, whither he is to be sent.

TALE OF A COOK.

ONE-EYED AH SING.

The captain of a coasting steamer trading between British South African ports is burdened with a veritable "old man of the sea" in the person of a one-eyed, deaf and dumb Chinaman, whom the Colonial authorities will not allow to land under any consideration.

Three months ago the captain had to send his cook ashore to the hospital at Durban.

The boarding-house master said that the only cook to be obtained in Durban was a one-eyed, deaf and dumb Chinaman, named Ah Sing.

In an evil moment the skipper shipped Ah Sing at £6 per month, and then the trouble began. After the first dinner had been served the awful

DESTROYER WRECKED AT PORTSMOUTH.



During a night attack upon Portsmouth Harbour the destroyer Teazer was wrecked at the entrance of the harbour, owing to the commanding officer mistaking the searchlights. Luckily, none of the crew were hurt. (Drawn by a "Mirror" artist from a photograph of the ship, and a special account of the disaster.)

BRET HARTE'S DAUGHTER

Training Her Voice for the Concert Platform.

Miss Ethel Bret Harte, daughter of the famous author of "Luck of Roaring Camp," has confided her aspirations to a *Mirror* representative.

"Up to a few months ago," she said, "I have been playing small parts in George Edwards's 'Messenger Boy' company, and afterwards with

things that were written upon the board by the firemen made even the hardened bo'sun shiver.

When Cape Town was reached the crew threatened to leave in a body if he did not ship another cook. An Irishman was signed.

Oh Ah Sing!

When the captain wanted to discharge Ah Sing the immigration inspector blandly intervened, and said that no Chinaman could be landed at Cape Town at any price. To make sure he did not leave a policeman was put on guard during the time the vessel remained in harbour.

As the man cannot be discharged the captain has to keep him on the vessel at £6 per month, travelling backwards and forwards like a passenger.

The final blow came five weeks ago, when the merchants who had chartered the vessel informed the captain that he was feeding an extra hand beyond the number on the charter. They had no objection to his carrying a friend with him on the trip, but he would have to pay them 1s. 6d. a day for the extra food.

The vessel has been chartered for three years, and has over two years yet to run. The unfortunate skipper has written to the papers, and beseeched the authorities to be released from Ah Sing, but in vain. Policemen watch the ship at each port.

BISHOP'S STRANGE DICTUM.

Rossini's "Stabat Mater" is "distinctly unsuitable for performance in church," reports a committee appointed by the Bishop of Salford. Masses by Haydn, Mozart, Weber, and Gounod are also condemned.



REAR-ADMIRAL MOLAS, who was with Admiral Makharoff in his cabin when the fatal explosion occurred.



Bret Harte's daughter, who is studying in London with a view to going on the concert stage.

D'Oyly Carte in such pieces as 'The Mikado' and 'The Gondoliers.'

"My one idea now is to stay in London, and put the finishing touches to my voice; and with this end in view I am trying for an engagement on the London stage. But only as a means to an end, mind you, for my real ambition is the concert platform."

Mr. Dehnar Williamson, Miss Bret Harte's teacher, told the *Mirror* representative that her voice was of great volume and power. "It is scarcely ripe yet," he said, "but the clearness and resonance are remarkable."



PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA, brother of the Emperor of Germany, in whose honour the night attack on Portsmouth Harbour was arranged.

THE GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF "THE DAILY ILLUSTRATED"

KILLED IN A RAILWAY SMASH.



White Horse, the Indian Chief, a member of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, who was recently killed in a railway accident in America.

INNOVATION ON THE LINKS.



The latest golf caddie. He has advantages over the ordinary small boy, in that he never sneers, steals balls, or gives gratuitous advice.

HOME A



Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is due back in London East. This is the only photograph of the

PHYSICKING A LION CUB.



Doctoring captive wild animals is a difficult and dangerous business. An account of how it is done will be found on page 7, and a picture on page 1.



The new electrical starting machine. With the old starting gate the jockeys could see the string pulled and were ready. Now there is only a button to press and they see nothing till the gate moves.



Blind girls are taught to typewrite of Music for the Blind, at Upper F. Thursday at the Hotel Cecil.



Wild animals are given chloroform when it is necessary to operate upon them. This leopard is being put under an anaesthetic. See also pages 1 and 7.

EARLY MORNING IN THE PARK.



The fine weather is tempting the riders back to Rotten Row, and the number of fair riders taking their morning constitutional on horseback in the early morning is increasing every day.

A GAIE TY FAVOURITE.



Miss Olive May, who is playing in "The Orchid," At the Gaiety Theatre, is a great favourite with Gaiety audiences.



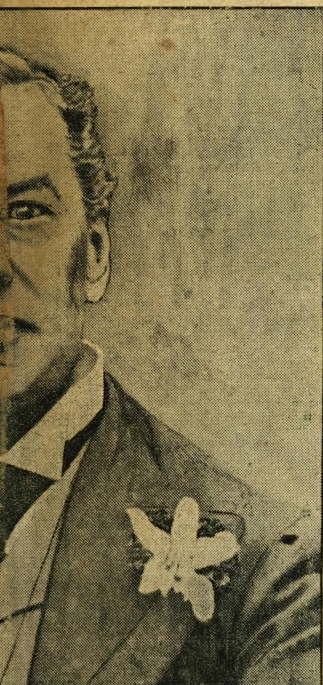
Brixton-road is in the hands of the road-breakers, and the district is in a state of partial siege, as the tram service is interrupted.



At Beaconsfield the roads are being coated with tar to prevent the dust. Motorists welcome this, as it prevents side-slip.

STRATED MIRROR" EXCEEDS 145,000 COPIES PER DAY.

TO-DAY.



On this evening from his holiday in the Colonial Secretary without his eye-glass.

QUAINT KOREAN CUSTOM.



A young Korean bridegroom going with two monks to beseech an idol to bestow conjugal happiness upon him.

AMERICA'S STRENUOUS PRESIDENT.



President Roosevelt, of the United States, is famous as a rough-riding horseman, and rides almost daily.



At the Royal Normal College and Academy wood. A banquet is to be held next aid of the funds of the institution.



ADMIRAL MAKHAROFF, the gallant commander of the Port Arthur Fleet, who was drowned in the sinking of the Petropavlovsk.

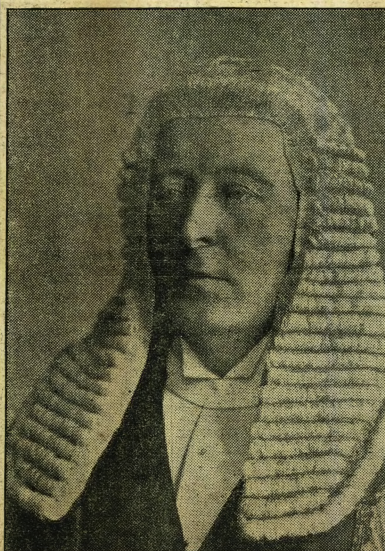


CAPTAIN YAKOVLEV, of the ill-fated Russian battleship Petropavlovsk, destroyed on Wednesday.



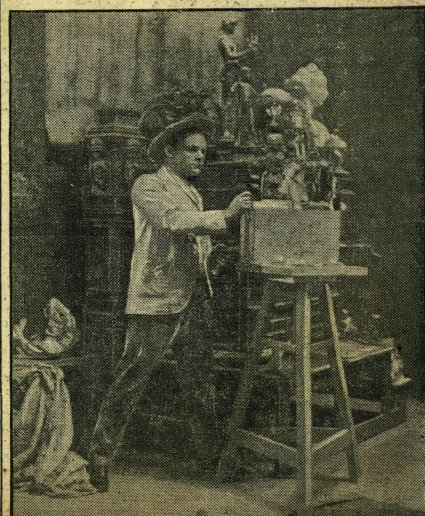
Pretty little Miss Gladys Archbutt, who is playing in "The Cherry Girl," at the Vaudeville Theatre. (Photograph by Secundus Ward.)

THE SPEAKER INDISPOSED.

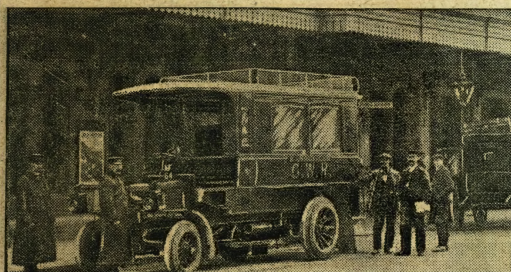


Mr. Gully, the Speaker of the House of Commons, is indisposed with a cold and an attack of eczema.

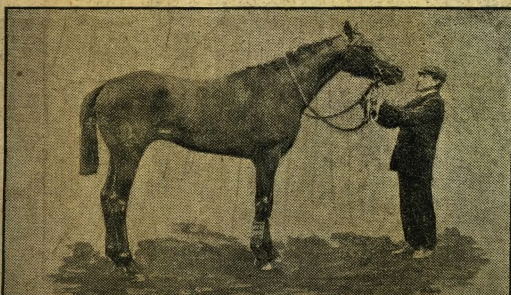
ROYAL ACADEMICIAN AT WORK.



Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A., the famous sculptor, at work in his studio. He has started a school of art at Bruges, the picturesque old Belgian town, because he says there is no light in London.



The Great Western Railway have inaugurated a service of motor-cars between Beaconsfield and Slough, in connection with their trains. It has already proved a success.



Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's Bass Rock, one of the favourites for the City and Suburban, to be run next week, was badly beaten in a trial at Newmarket yesterday morning.

THE QUEST FOR BEAUTY.—PEEPS INTO FUTURITY.

THE ELECTRIC NEEDLE.

WHAT WOMEN OWE TO IT.

Take courage if you are homely looking. You can be improved by massage, which will take time; by face unguents, creams, and lotions, the action of which will be gradual; by dieting and by feeding. The process that is much quicker than any of these is the electric one, and she who is not

skin to new activity by bringing the blood to the surface.

Some girls rub their cheeks violently with the palms of their hands to bring up the colour, and others pinch them. Both these homely resources are good in their way, and it is also an excellent plan to massage the cheeks and forehead with the finger tips every night, using a good cold cream for the purpose, which should be carefully wiped off at the close of the treatment.

One of the latest applications of electricity is that of hair-brushing, and very efficacious the process is, not only as a means of strengthening the hair,

knew to whom the ring belonged. It was only at the conclusion of the séance that each person identified his or her property.

"This ring belongs to a woman who is at present in great trouble," began Madame Vera, gazing apparently into vacancy and constantly fingering the ring. "Clouds of all kind surround her, but she must not allow herself to be cast down. Her worldly affairs will take a turn for the better in another month, and she will soon be on her way to success. Some one with the initial of 'H.' will help her"—(this prophecy came literally true)—"and she need not concern herself about the future."

carriage wheels," and again Madame shuddered. "But though 'H. M. T.' may be injured, he will not die. Things will not come right all at once, but I feel from this ring that gradually the clouds will clear away. The owner will be on the verge of a journey, which will be stopped at the last moment"—(this prophecy was also verified by events)—"and there is a change shown in the locality in which she will live."

Madame put down the ring. Evidently she was not disposed to give too much information to those who only paid two shillings at the semi-public meeting. My heart felt, however, considerably brightened, and I listened mechanically to the other readings which Madame continued to deduce from various ornaments. At the close of the meeting everyone agreed that the clairvoyante's gifts of intuition and clairvoyance were indeed marvellous.

"Come and see her next week," whispered my neighbour. "She will tell you other things by her other powers of divination. Perhaps she will then give you further information."

As I felt considerably indebted to Madame Vera for affording me a new reading of the prophecy I had heard from the first sibyl, I resolved to attend her next meeting, and ascertain whether her other psychic gifts were indeed as wonderful as her remarkable powers of psychometry. I also determined to ask her plainly whether, when a definite assertion as to the approaching death of a person was made, there could be any reasonable hope that the clairvoyante was mistaken. What I had heard that night seemed to prove this, for had not the first sibyl told me the man I loved would die, and had not this one distinctly said he would not?

FAIRY FLOWERS.

GLOWING LIGHTS IN THE HEARTS OF BLOSSOMS.

Fairy lights, which we all thought so beautiful when they were introduced, have given place to a much more lovely decoration.

The new fashion for evening entertainments is to have conservatories lighted by pots of artificial flowers the blossoms of which glow with electric light. The smart bachelor who started the idea had a number of standard rose trees made for his winter garden that in the daytime, with their silken flowers and natural-looking leaves, appeared as though they were growing. The latest idea is a pot of dahlias, the fashionable flower of the hour, which positively defies detection when placed among other plants. In the evening you press a button and the heart of each flower glows with a rosy light.

It is a luxurious notion, for this rare specimen of electric lighting costs £37; but there are quite thirty-seven lights on it. Smaller plants, such as the chrysanthemum, carnation, and the iris, are imitated and intended for use in drawing-rooms.

The blossom used should be in harmony with the floral decoration of the room. The iris, which is a typically Japanese flower, is very popular, for all Japanese effects are now in vogue. Malmosian carnations are successful, and a small pot with about three flowers on it, to stand in a dark corner of a room, is comparatively inexpensive.

The designing of these lovely shades is the work of a lady, the only one who has yet taken up the art, and she is busy on other novelties of the kind for the present season.



Eyebrows can be made to assume a most beautiful arch by means of the electric needle, and the process is not a painful one, except to very sensitive patients.



Such is the power of electrolysis that should a mole be deemed a blemish it can be removed without leaving the slightest permanent mark behind.

pretty can be made so by its aid almost as quick as lightning.

One of the chief functions of electricity is that of the removal of superfluous hair from the face. The blemish is a dreadful one, indeed, and is so contrary to the generally accepted ideas of femininity that the sufferer is quite ready to undergo any amount of reasonable expense and trouble to get rid of it.

Electrolysis a Boon.

Electrolysis is a real boon, because it is the only way of ridding the face of what prevents it from looking a beautiful one. The usual price asked is a guinea a sitting, during which from about forty to fifty hairs can be removed.

Eyebrows that meet have a menacing look. They destroy the softness of the expression of the eyes, and make a girl look as if she was perpetually scowling. There have been cases where really beautiful girls have been spoiled by the repellent air which these meeting eyebrows give to the face.

When the operator has removed a sufficient number of hairs from the brows to prevent their meeting she will shape them with a few deft touches of the electric needle, and the result will be almost magical, for from a rough, unkempt pair of beetling brows will have been evolved a pair of prettily-curved ones fit for a poet to rave over. Few women have such a superfluity of eyebrows that they look like strips of fur across the forehead, but in instances that do occur, a thinning process is the resource and it will bring about a great improvement.

What the Needle Looks Like.

The electric needle itself is long and fine. It is much thinner than a sewing needle, and the point is so long and sharp that you can hardly perceive it. This delicate instrument is attached to a handle or needle-holder, and the needle is gently pushed into the skin so as to pierce the root of the hair. The electric current is now turned on and then is immediately turned off. But in the meantime the patient has received the tiniest shock, for the root of the hair has been electrocuted. When the needle is pulled out the hair comes with it. The process is slow, for each hair must be taken away separately, and so to remove many takes hours and hours. It has often been asked if it is a painful operation. This differs with the patient. There are those who do not feel it at all, but there are others who feel a slightly tingling sensation.

Other Wonders of Electricity.

But in addition to the marvellous accomplishment of the electric needle in the ways already mentioned, and in that of removing moles and blemishes of the same kind, electricity is highly advantageous in other ways. In the form of massage it will fill out the hollows of the cheeks, unless these hollows are caused by a lack of teeth, in which case the services of a dentist will be required.

Girls who live in the open air constantly, rarely require the aid of electricity to vivify their complexions, which are naturally clear and well-coloured, but those who have been obliged to pass the winter ill on alms in the house will find the electric roller revive their youth, so to speak, in a marked manner. It is only passed very gently over the face, but even that process awakens the

preventing premature greyness, and making it look ever so much thicker than it ordinarily does, but as a soothing for those who suffer from worry and nervous headache.

PEEPS INTO FUTURITY.

THE CLAIRVOYANTE AND THE JEWEL TRAY.

(In the first part of this narrative, printed on Saturday last, the writer told us how the sought sibyl in Paddington, who revealed the future by the aid of white of egg, and informed her that the man she loved was doomed to die. Distracted with grief the writer determined to ask another seer to peep into the future for her. The interesting result will be found in to-day's instalment.—EDITRESS.)

It was not difficult to find a second clairvoyante who undertook to peep into the future. But this time I was advised to go to an American sibyl who lived in a well-furnished flat near Hyde Park.

She possessed the gift of psychometry, a word meaning the science of forecasting the future by merely handling an article that has been worn by its owner. Other mystic gifts she also exercised in abundance. But her readings in psychometry were supposed to be truly marvellous!

As her fees for a private sitting were somewhat prohibitive, I arranged to attend a semi-public meeting held every week at her flat. On the evening in question the drawing-room was filled with about forty persons, and I was surprised to find that a large proportion of the audience were men.

The meeting began by the singing of a hymn, led by the husband of Madame Vera, the clairvoyante, who was then, we were given to understand, engaged in meditation in an adjoining room. Her husband, before the hymn began, enjoined us to keep perfect silence during the séance.

Presently Madame herself glided quietly into the room, and seating herself in a chair, gazed with her eyes fixed in a trance on the ceiling. She was a slightly-built woman of thirty, with an olive complexion and dark grey eyes, and was attired in loose flowing draperies of dark red with a sash of golden yellow silk.

The hymn at last came to an end. Then in a business-like way Madame's husband went round the audience carrying a large velvet-covered tray. Upon the tray every person present deposited some article of jewellery, and it was noticeable that during this process of collecting, Madame Vera sat with her eyes closed, apparently quite unconscious of the audience who were eagerly surveying her.

And now came the test of her powers. Before her, on a table, was the velvet tray filled to repletion with glittering ornaments of every kind, but no ornament was allowed to overlap a second, so as the emanations from one owner's personality would in that case cross another's, and so prevent an accurate reading.

Reaching out her hand, Madame took up the first ornament that her fingers encountered. My heart began to palpitate violently. She had picked out a simple gipsy ring that had been given to me by one I loved. Luckily no one in the audience

There is, however, sorrow connected with some one she loves. I think the initials are 'H. M. T.'"

Madame paused a moment, and I knew that I was trembling. "I feel death," Madame shivered, and then resumed. "But it is not the death of the person I have just mentioned, though it is someone connected with him. I think it is by a kind of accident. Yes, I feel as though I were crushed beneath



Two suggestions for smart spring wraps are illustrated above. On the right-hand side a very pale blue cloth mantle is shown trimmed with stitched straps, a little black velvet collar with cuffs to match, and six velvet-covered buttons. The lace cuffs and ruffles at the wrists complete a pretty scheme. The coat on the left-hand side is built of tea-coloured taffetas, straps of golden brown velvet appearing down the fronts and round the big lace-frilled sleeves.

CHILD LIFE-WEARY.

**Drowns Herself and Leaves
Behind a Theatrical
Note.**

A PATHETIC "GOOD-BYE."

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Thursday Night.

How strange is the love of the theatrical and the tragic in France, even among children, is shown by this remarkable story.

A few days ago a workman found on the Boulevard Carnot, near the Bois de Vincennes, a little lunch-basket of the kind used by school children, containing a pair of ear-rings and a finger-ring of small size.

There was also a letter in a childish hand, and badly spelled, addressed to the Commissaire of Police, Vincennes, which read as follows:—

M. Commissaire, I have drowned myself because my mother does not beat me. I have had enough of life. Aged twelve and a half years. Adieu to my mother. Perhaps she will come and recognise me at the Morgue. No. 39, Rue de Paris, Vincennes.

The letter was not signed, but when the commissaire called at the address given he found a woman in tears at the disappearance of her daughter, a girl named Juliette, aged twelve and a half years.

At the school which the girl attended the commissaire was told a curious story. On Monday afternoon Juliette confided to her companions that "she had had enough of existence, and had made up her mind to die," so she asked their assistance in drawing up a letter to the commissaire, and after they had settled the wording of the document Juliette wrote it out on a piece of paper torn from her copybook.

When they left school she handed her books to one of her playmates, and bade them all "Good-bye."

The other children did not breathe a word to their parents of what had happened, and it was only when the commissaire began to make inquiries that the facts became known.

In spite of a vigilant search of neighbouring ponds and lakes no trace of the wayward Juliette has yet been found.

SINLESS PRISONERS.

**Mr. Parker and Some Others Who
Suffer For "Conscience Sake."**

Mr. W. A. Parker, of Sutton, whose portrait we published on Wednesday, is the only passive resister who as yet has been imprisoned twice for non-payment of the education rate. Yesterday he was released from Wandsworth Gaol, when he was met by the committee of the National Passive Resisters and escorted in triumph to his home.

Even members of the bar are as stubborn in resisting the law. A lady living at Wimbledon is about to have her goods sold by auction at Spearing's Mart for the second time rather than pay the rate.

This week, in the same cause, the goods of the Rev. Silvester Home have been put up for auction; Mr. William Stevens, the chairman of the late Brighton School Board, has been summoned; the Rev. Bassett has just been released from Birmingham Gaol; Alderman Arthur O'Connor, of the Fulham Borough Council, has just finished his fourteen days' imprisonment; and Dr. William Minifie daily awaits arrest for non-payment of the education rate at Bradford.

In recounting his experiences in Chelmsford Gaol, Alderman Arthur O'Connor tells an amusing anecdote of how he converted the prison chaplain there.

Whilst he was having breakfast on the first morning of his stay in prison, Mr. O'Connor was visited by the chaplain, who entered upon a friendly argument concerning "conscience and its elasticity."

"Can't you preach something on the subject?" suggested Mr. O'Connor.

"You write me an address," returned the cleric, "and I'll preach it. Write it on this slate."

Mr. O'Connor did so, and the chaplain read it out at service the next Sunday, even going so far as to kneel down and pray "for the repeal of the Iniquitous Education Acts."

LITERAL RUSSIANS

**Believe the Tsar's Heart Accompanies
Them in a Casket.**

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Moscow, April 10.

Shortly after the outbreak of war, the Tsar sent a telegram to Admiral Alexieff commending his troops to the care of Providence, and ending with the words, "My heart is with my gallant troops."

This telegram was read out on parade to all the Russian soldiers and sailors in the Far East. A number of very ignorant soldiers from Viatska took the message literally, and a rumour spread that the Tsar, in order to encourage his troops, had removed his heart and sent it in a gold casket across the Siberian railway. He had done this, it was declared, by the aid of Father John of Cronstadt, who had replaced the original heart with that of St. Nicholas, the Miracle Worker, which is preserved in a monastery in North Russia.

Some days later the regimental chest was found with the lock picked, but with all its contents intact. On the whole battalion being threatened with punishment unless the culprit's name was revealed, a soldier named Serezhkoff confessed to having opened the chest.

Serezhkoff's comrades had proclaimed that no one could look upon the Tsar's heart and live, and he, wishing to show his courage, had forced the lock, finding, much to his disgust, nothing but money and papers.

Serezhkoff not only survived the opening of the chest, but also the twenty lashes which were administered to him in punishment.

LOST AND FOUND.

**The Adventure of Mr. T. P. O'Connor's Yorkshire
Terrier.—All About Dogstealing.**

The following advertisement appeared in the personal column of the "Daily Mail" yesterday:—

LOST, on Wednesday, 19th, small Yorkshire Terrier, male, name Phelan engraved on collar, between Bailey's Hotel and Oakley Lodge, Chelsea. Finder will be handsomely rewarded.—T. P. O'Connor, Oakley Lodge, Chelsea.

When a *Mirror* representative saw Mr. T. P. O'Connor yesterday afternoon, the hon. gentleman was very pleased to state that he had received the welcome news that Phelan had been found, and was back at home again.

"No, he was not stolen," said Mr. O'Connor, in reply to a question on that point. "He was simply lost and found. This is how it was. Phelan is a very nice little terrier, and a great favourite with the ladies. He was left in charge of three young ladies at Bailey's Hotel on Wednesday, and seemed quite at home and happy with them. But when they left him in the room alone he must have suddenly determined to return home, and bolted out of the room and down the stairs. The page boy ran after him into the street, but soon lost sight of him."

"We were all much distressed when we received the news of his disappearance, and I went to the police. The next I heard was from a lady who said Phelan was safe in her custody, and she would restore him to me. She found him wandering about in Buckingham Palace-road. She was able to tell that Phelan belonged to me by the name and address on the collar, and she was very glad that he has been found," observed Mr. O'Connor, "and we all gave him a hearty welcome."

Mr. O'Connor is much more fortunate than a good many persons whose valuable dogs mysteriously disappear in the West End.

Dog Stealers' Methods.

The following astounding revelations were communicated to a *Mirror* representative by an eminent veterinary surgeon, who made no secret of the fact that he has more than a nodding acquaintance with one or two exceedingly expert dog-stealers, for reasons which will presently be shown.

I found the surgeon in his consulting-room, and the first thing he said to me was that there is no such thing as dog-stealing; it is euphemistically known as "exchanging," and those who practise the art enjoy comparative immunity from the rigours of the law, thanks to an elaborate system of "passing on" the proceeds of their dexterity.

Any man who is imprisoned for dog-stealing is looked upon with contempt by members of the profession; he is a mere clumsy outsider, and therefore unworthy of serious attention.

Small, medium, and big dogs are stolen in quite different ways. I will illustrate the system.

The small-dog man has no confederate, he works entirely on his own account. There is a specially-made canvas-lined pocket in the lining of his overcoat, measuring 24in. by 18in., and costing from 17s. 6d. to £1 in addition to the price of the garment; the man also carries a carpet bag, and has the general appearance of a plumber or a carpenter out of work. He takes a stroll, say, in Regent-street at 11 o'clock in the morning, when ladies leave their carriages and begin shopping in a leisurely kind of way.

Shears for the Spaniel.

Observe the lady who is leading that Blenheim spaniel by a leather cord. She is now looking in a shop window; so is the dog stealer. Quick as thought the latter cuts the cord with a pair of shears about two inches from the little animal's collar, drops the carpet bag over him—for it has no bottom, but is kept rigid by an iron frame—and the unsuspecting lady walks on, trailing the severed string on the pavement.

On becoming aware of the dog's disappearance its mistress probably imagines that the cord has accidentally snapped; and retraces her steps in some alarm, hoping to find her pet lagging behind. She may even brush past the respectable-looking tradesman, who is so intently gazing in the shop windows that he has deposited his bag on the pavement near him.

When the lady is well out of sight the dog stealer transfers the spaniel to his capacious inside pocket, and then goes farther afield in search of more prey, unless the little dog is of exceptional value, in which case he is at once hurried off to the sale-room, of which more hereafter.

Baker's Borrow Ruse.

Dogs of medium size are stolen in a similar way, and then deposited in a baker's borrow which stands at the corner of a street. On this borrow is painted a fictitious name and address; and there is even included in this outfit a big bread-basket with a false bottom, with which the confederate who is waiting can secure a dog or two whenever the opportunity occurs. "But," you will say, "how

can mastiffs, St. Bernards, and such-like big dogs be stolen? It goes without saying that they cannot be pocketed, nor can they be trundled away in a baker's borrow." Here is the very triumph of the dog-stealer's art.

Three men are required for such work; one drives a private four-wheeler, another sits inside the vehicle, armed with muzzles of various sizes and a quantity of chloroform, and a third goes forth to entice magnificent brutes, which may be worth as much as a first-rate hunter. Before starting out, however, the latter rubs his boots and trousers legs with a strong preparation of aniseed and dried calf's liver.

Chloroform for Big Dogs.

In this way big dogs are simply led to the cab, hustled inside, muzzled, and, if necessary, chloroformed, in less than one minute; after which the vehicle is driven away to the "auction room"—a low public-house in Shoreditch, where stolen dogs are disposed of as soon as possible, in order to baffle all attempts at tracing.

Curiously enough, the surgeon who supplied this information once had his own mastiff stolen by one of "the profession." He was taking a lady's French poodle to be photographed, and, noticing that his big mastiff was following him, he sent her back. The animal was, however, intercepted on her way, and stolen by means of the last system described.

Naturally the "vet." was very wroth. He sought out a man who was known as the "Artist," and promised him the comparatively small reward of £10 on recovering his dog. The "Artist" was greatly amused by the incident; but after having traced the mastiff through five different hands he announced to its owner that the dog would be found on a certain evening at the house in Shoreditch.

When he reached the sale room the "vet." was requested to deposit £10 on the table, and then take a walk up the street. On his return he found his dog fastened to a seat in the bar.

Active Restorers.

Big dogs are kidnapped singly, for a very excellent reason. The above-mentioned "Artist" and his two companions once secured a splendid Newfoundland in Old Bond-street, and when about to drive away beheld a famous prize St. Bernard walking behind its titled master. The temptation was too strong to be resisted, and this animal was also added to the "bag." But no sooner was the St. Bernard shoved into the "four-wheeler" than it commenced a fearful fight with the first canine occupant of the vehicle.

Hearing the growling of the great brutes and the yells of the unfortunate man inside, a policeman stopped the cab at the corner of Grosvenor-street. The dog-stealers in this instance were sentenced to terms of imprisonment ranging from nine months to two years.

Agents in Paris used to send the "Artist" specific orders for dogs, and these would actually be stolen from fashionable Londoners. Really good pet dogs sent to the Continent fetch very high prices, and there is, of course, but little risk of detection. By the way, many a valuable animal has been ruthlessly poisoned with prussic acid when the word was passed round that all was not right.

The dog-stealer attends shows, and carefully notes the names and addresses of the owners of prize-winners. He also hires loafers at 1s. 6d. a day to prowl about mansions in fashionable squares and bring him information respecting the movements of valuable dogs. One "professional" boasted that, given a fair description and the address of the house, he could obtain any dog in London within twenty-four hours.

"No Questions Asked."

Advertisements concerning missing dogs are frequently answered in person by the thief himself; this worthy calmly runs up the reward according to circumstances, and giving him in charge is an utterly futile proceeding.

Here are some extraordinary and amusing facts. When a dog is accurately described an advertisement, a stock animal is occasionally faked up to represent it, and is palmed off upon the overjoyed master or mistress, who but too readily ascribes anything strange in the appearance of a favourite to the hardships it has undergone.

After this it is positively refreshing to hear the story relate by the late Mr. Montagu Williams. This shrewd man of law paid £200 to a Bishopsgate dog-stealer for the recovery of a collie, and then interviewed the man in an adjacent tavern. About a year afterwards Mr. Williams was appointed Junior Counsel to the Treasury, and, strangely enough, had one day to prosecute for dog-stealing the very man who stole his dog.

"Monty" was thus well versed in the modus operandi of these gentry; so in this particular instance he succeeded in getting the thief six months' hard labour for the theft of the dog and twelve months' for the larceny of the collar.

SOCIAL
PEEP-SHOW.

Very little is happening in society just now, with the exception of weddings, and so far as entertaining is concerned very little will take place until May.

On the 2nd of next month the Opera season commences, and this means the real beginning of the season. This year, the first night at Covent Garden, which is usually such a brilliant spectacle, with the King and Queen present, the house packed from floor to ceiling, and the boxes all occupied by well-known society people wearing their tiaras and blazing with jewels, will be shorn of much of its glory, as their Majesties will be in Ireland at the time, and consequently a number of important people also in the Emerald Isle.

The boxes, however, have all let well, and most of the usual people have subscribed. There seems some diversity of opinion as to the opera which is to be given on the opening night. "Romeo and Juliet" is generally chosen; but this year I believe there is to be a change, and "Don Giovanni" will be performed.

An Interesting Wedding.

People, especially Americans, are much interested in the morganatic marriage of Prince Hugo Hohenlohe to Mme. Helga, the famous circus rider. The Prince, or, rather, Count von Hemesberg, as he now is, is about forty years old, and in his youth was a good deal in this country. He was, however, a more frequent visitor to America, and was socially very popular in New York. For several months he studied American business methods in a big banking house in Wall-street. He is very democratic in his views, and, having plenty of money, is able to indulge his fancies in all directions.

Some Fresh Addresses.

Lord and Lady Manvers have taken Herbert House for the season.

Sir Redvers and Lady Audrey Buller, who sold their house in Lower-square a short time ago, have just taken 26, Chesham-place from Mr. and Mrs. Hohler for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Davies-Gilbert have moved into the house in Buckingham-gate they have taken from Sir Arthur and Lady Jane Vivian. Miss Patience Davies-Gilbert is to be married from there to Captain C. H. Harding on April 19.

Americans in Town.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mackey, who took the Duke and Duchess of Somerset's house in Grosvenor-square last season, have this year rented 46, Upper Grosvenor-street from Prince and Princess Alexis Douroukhi. Mrs. Frank Mackey is not only an experienced whip, who is frequently to be seen in the summer months driving a four-in-hand in Hyde Park, but also shares her husband's love of motoring. He has taken part in various automobile events, both in America, his native country, and on the Continent. He is also a prominent polo player.

Mrs. Adair is looking out for a tenant for her charming house in Curzon-street, which is so admirably suited for entertaining, and where some time ago she gave a big fancy-dress ball, and had a photographic studio fitted up in the house, so that her guests could be taken in their costumes on the spot.

A Guard's Wedding.

A wedding at the Guards' Chapel is always a pretty sight, and yesterday's ceremony was no exception. The bridegroom, Major Corkran, is in the Grenadier Guards, which is commanded by the bride's father, Colonel Ricardo, so there was a double reason for the presence of a detachment of men who lined both the aisles, with their accoutrements, and muskets glittering in the sun-panels. The eight bridesmaids made a charming group in their white dresses, with pale blue hats, and each one carried a nosegay of lilies of the valley tied up with pale blue ribbons.

The bride arrived so late that people began to be afraid the wedding might have to be put off till the next day; watches were pulled out, and the clergy who awaited the bride at the entrance to the church began to talk of weddings only being allowed between the hours of eleven and three.

The Guests.

The chapel was very full indeed, and a good many late arrivals had to be asked to leave the gallery. Princess Victor Hohenlohe was there, as well as the Duke of Richmond, Lady March, Lady Violet Brassey, Lady Evelyn Cottrell, Lord and Lady Albemarle, Lady Baring, and Lord and Lady Cavan. Everybody went on afterwards to Eaton-place, where Mrs. Ricardo held a reception.

New Engagements.

Two new and interesting engagements are announced. The first is that of Miss Clare O'Brien, daughter of Ellen Lady Inchiquin, to Major Noel Corry. Miss O'Brien is a typical Irish girl, dark, with blue eyes, a delicate complexion, a charming smile, and a fund of delightful humour. She is extremely popular and greatly in request at house-parties all over the country, being a good dancer and an unrivalled organiser in the way of amateur theatricals and charades, which are so much now part and parcel of country house-parties.

Her fiancé, Major Noel Corry, is the heir of the late Lord Rowton, and now a very rich man, with a house in Berkeley-square and a palatial country seat in Shropshire.

The other engagement has been for some time unfruitful, but as the date of the wedding is somewhat indefinite, has not been generally announced. The bridegroom-elect is Major Carlton and the bride, Lady Jane Seymour, the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Hertford. Lady Jane, who is very little known in London society, is picturesque in appearance, with a pale complexion and masses of beautiful auburn hair.

SEQUEL TO A BALL.

A youth named Gazin was expelled from a ball at Castine, France, for refusing to pay his subscription. Since that time he has not been heard of, and all efforts to discover him have hitherto proved fruitless. Rumours that Gazin had been murdered and his body thrown into the Moselle are rife in the village, and an inquiry is being held. Three arrests have been made, but the prisoners were discharged, as nothing could be proved against them, and the affair still remains a mystery.

READY TO-DAY. PART IV.

"Japan's Fight for Freedom,"

WITH

FIFTY-FIVE ILLUSTRATIONS.

A SUPERB WORK.

Parts I., II., and III. are also on Sale at All Booksellers.

DINING AT THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

Nightly Festivity of the Grim Old Lady of Threadneedle Street.

How many of the thousands who daily pass by the Bank of England know that every evening the grim old building is the scene of a little festivity? I must confess (writes a *Mirror* representative) that until a few days ago I had no notion that anything of the kind existed, although I had often been to the Bank of England.

To get admission to this little festivity is no easy matter, but the editor of this journal does not recognise the word "impossible," and in due course I received an invitation.

Those who know the Bank of England know that it is guarded by soldiers. Every evening you may see a little company marching down the Embankment and through the City on their way to guard Britain's bullion during the coming night. They are officered by a lieutenant, and it was through the courtesy of the lieutenant on duty that I achieved what is a very remarkable feat—I dined capitally in the Bank of England.

The door was promptly opened by a porter, who inquired my business. "Dinner with the lieutenant of the guard," he called out to a second official on learning my object in coming, and I was ushered into the sacred precincts of the massive pile.

Rus in Urbe.

I was led past a sentry on duty at the entrance into a small paved quadrangle, and through an archway to one of the prettiest courtyards I have ever beheld, foreign or English.

Here, in the heart of that gloomy building in the very centre of the busy, bustling City, was a garden as quiet and secluded as could be found anywhere in England.

Rapping at a door in the far corner of the courtyard, a butler in evening dress answered the summons, and led me through a little lobby into a most deliciously snug sitting-room, where I found my friend in a loose rifle jacket, loling back in a comfortable arm-chair.

My surprise at this scene of comfort was unbounded. The whole thing was so unlike the Bank of England of tradition. The room was as cosy as could be, heavily carpeted and furnished with a polished oak dining-table, a secretaire, leather dining-chairs, and three luxurious great easy chairs.

Out of the sitting-room a door led into an equally comfortable bedroom, beyond which was a bathroom, completing the suite, which was entirely lit with electric light.

Two Guests Only.

One other guest was to share the hospitality of the Bank, who, I perceived, on glancing at the various framed "Regulations for the Officer of the Guard," provide the dinner on the evening of the "Not more than two guests shall dine with the officer." "One bottle of wine is provided for the officer and two bottles for his guests." "The dinner shall be served by the Bank, and the wines supplied from the Bank cellars." "No guest shall be permitted to remain in the Bank after 11 p.m." These are some of the rules which have to be observed.

Presently the table was laid and furnished with most massive plate. And then the dinner was served, and, on glancing at the menu, I was very glad I had come. Here it is: Clear soup, boiled salmon, loin of mutton, potatoes,

asparagus, roast chicken, gooseberry tart and cream, cheese, salad, dessert.

A simple dinner, but an excellent one. The wines throughout were of the very best vintages, and spoke well for whoever had the choosing of them. After dinner a cup of coffee and a first-class cigar, when we were stretched in the comfortable armchairs, made one take a most rosy view of the world in general, and of the position of a lieutenant in the Guards in particular.

We were waited on throughout by the butler who had admitted us. The post of waiter in the Bank is, I learnt, extremely difficult to obtain, and no matter how good a character an applicant for it may bring with him, a deposit of £400 as caution money is equally essential.

The expense of the guard has to be defrayed by the Bank, who, I believe, pay the men in a beer allowance. The privates, thirty in number, pass

the night in the guardroom or on sentry duty, the sentries being relieved every hour. Besides these there are two sergeants and two drummers and a bugler. They come on guard at seven in the evening and leave again at six next morning.

A Lady's Adventure.

The lieutenant told us an amusing story of the only lady who had ever attended these meals. It was rigidly against regulations, but one sporting officer took a bet that he could get his sister to dinner there. On the evening in question she donned her brother's plain clothes and was admitted. All went well till eleven o'clock, and she prepared to go, when, by an unlucky accident, in putting on her "topper," her hair, which had been skilfully arranged, became loosened, and she had to walk out amidst the laughter of the officials with her long locks flowing from below her hat!

At a few minutes before the hour at which we had to bid our host farewell, he arrayed himself in his full "war-paint," preparatory to going his sentry-rounds, which he has to do before turning in, and we had the pleasure of seeing the largest "bearskin" in his Majesty's Army!

Then he accompanied us to the door of the Bank, and bade us good-bye, receiving the peculiar challenge of two sharp stamps with the foot from the sentry.

RUSSIAN CARTOON OF THE WAR.



The Jap gives his foreign friends the latest news of his "victories." (From the Russian "Budeinik")

THE CITY.

Markets in Cheerful Humour, Except for the Russian Reverse.

There were numerous satisfactory points to cheer the stock markets yesterday, and only one that was adverse. On the one side of the balance there was the expected reduction of the Bank rate to 3½ per cent.; further, the great success of the London County Council, the lists of which were closed at mid-day, the premium on the new stock advancing to 14 bid. There was continued investment buying in the Home Colonies, and talk of heavy gold arrivals next week. The other side of the balance found the Russian naval reverse. It caused profit-taking in the morning and weak Continental houses. There was a smart rally on the Continent in the afternoon, but the bourses had hardly time to digest the news of the Russian disasters. To-day we show how they have taken them.

The Bank Return was a good one, not quite so good as some of the forecasts, but it was a good one. Bank Reserve is £1,112,000 higher. Consols fluctuated considerably, and finally closed firm. This caused all leading investment stocks to be firm at the close.

The dealers like to talk of investment buying of Home Rails. There is certainly a good deal of it. On the other hand, there is a good deal of speculative buying as well, but some further substantial rises have to be recorded, Chatham, Caledonian, Great Western, and other leading stock advancing. Metropolitan was the only dull spot.

In the American market the tone was good during most of the day; but here there was an adverse feature towards the close in the knowledge that the Court had postponed giving a decision in Mr. Harrison's suit in the Northern Securities case. Most of the foreign railway securities and Canadian Rails were firm.

The Foreign market naturally took an interest in the Russian difficulties, and looked weak in the earlier part of the day, but there was a rally later on the Bank rate reduction. However, at the close the tone was dull again owing to the knowledge of further Russian reverses.

Investment buying of Gas stocks was very prominent, and there was a good deal of support for Dock securities, while some of the railway descriptions are being bought in connection with the coming Government Bill. Fears of what Paris might do kept Kaffirs quiet at first, but later there was a considerable revival, and the close was strong, with a good deal of speculative support. Egyptians were better, and a flip was given to the West African market, while West Indians also caught the speculative fever and closed firm.

We are officially informed that Mr. Harry Leeds-Paine was declared a defaulter on the Stock Exchange yesterday.

LATEST MARKET PRICES.

* The "Daily Illustrated Mirror" prices are the latest available. Unlike most of our contemporaries, we take special care to obtain the latest quotations in the stock markets after the official close of the Stock Exchange.

The following are the closing prices for the day:
Consols 91 1/2, 88 1/2, India 3 p.c. 100, 99 1/2, Do. Account 100, 99 1/2, London C. & S. 99 1/2, Transvaal Loan, 97 1/2.

Argentine Fund 102 1/2	102 1/2	Jap. 5 p.c. Gd. 1895-6 76	78
Brazilian 4 p.c. 1889 75 1/2	76 1/2	Russian 4 p.c. 1890 82 1/2	84
Chinese 5 p.c. 1890 97 1/2	97 1/2	Spanish 4 p.c. (Sd) 82 1/2	82 1/2
Egyptian Unified 107 1/2	107 1/2	Turkish 4 p.c. Un'd 82 1/2	82 1/2
Italian 5 p.c. (taxed) 102 1/2	102 1/2		

Brighton Def. 116 1/2	116 1/2	Midland Def. 67 1/2	68 1/2
Caledonian Def. 32	32 1/2	North British Def. 44	44 1/2
Great Eastern 90 1/2	90 1/2	North Eastern 130 1/2	130 1/2
Gr. Northern Def. 40 1/2	41	North Western 133 1/2	133 1/2
Great Western 138 1/2	138 1/2	South Eastern Def. 52 1/2	56
Met. Consolidated 82 1/2	80 1/2		

Atchison 75 1/2	75 1/2	Southern Pacific 50 1/2	51 1/2
Chi. Mil. & S. Pl. 140 1/2	140 1/2	Union Pacific 38 1/2	38 1/2
Broken Hill Prop. 34 1/2	34 1/2	U. S. Steel Ord. 11 1/2	11 1/2
Champion Reef 36 1/2	37 1/2	Do. Pref. 60 1/2	61 1/2
Chartered 24 1/2	24 1/2		
City & Sub. 6 1/2	6 1/2		
Cons. Gold S.A. 6 1/2	6 1/2		
East Rand 16 1/2	16 1/2		
De Beers Def. 109 1/2	109 1/2		
Drifontein 5 1/2	5 1/2		
East Rand 16 1/2	16 1/2		
E. Rand. M. Est. 4 1/2	4 1/2		
Geduld 6 1/2	6 1/2		
G. B. Rand. New 22 1/2	22 1/2		
Gold Coast Am. 8 1/2	8 1/2		
Golden Horsehoe 8 1/2	8 1/2		
Gr. Bld. Pers. New 22 1/2	22 1/2		
Do. Prop. 27 1/2	27 1/2		
Gr. Fingall 10 1/2	10 1/2		
Ivanhoe 8 1/2	8 1/2		
Jagers (New) 8 1/2	8 1/2		
John. Cons. In. 24 1/2	24 1/2		
Jumpers 8 1/2	8 1/2		
Kalguri 6 1/2	6 1/2		
Kaiguis 6 1/2	6 1/2		

Anglo-French 24 1/2	24 1/2	Lake View Cons. 12 1/2	12 1/2
Ald. G. F. (New) 24 1/2	24 1/2	Le Roi 12 1/2	12 1/2
Assoc. G. M. 24 1/2	24 1/2	May Consolidated 12 1/2	12 1/2
Barrato Cons. 24 1/2	24 1/2	Meyer & Charl. 12 1/2	12 1/2
Broken Hill Prop. 34 1/2	34 1/2	Modderfontein 12 1/2	12 1/2
Champ. Reef 36 1/2	37 1/2	Modder Exten. 12 1/2	12 1/2
Chartered 24 1/2	24 1/2	Myosore Gold 12 1/2	12 1/2
City & Sub. 6 1/2	6 1/2	Nigel 12 1/2	12 1/2
Cons. Gold S.A. 6 1/2	6 1/2	Nile Valley 12 1/2	12 1/2
East Rand 16 1/2	16 1/2	Oreogam 12 1/2	12 1/2
De Beers Def. 109 1/2	109 1/2	Oroya Bonville 12 1/2	12 1/2
Drifontein 5 1/2	5 1/2	Nundydrog 12 1/2	12 1/2
East Rand 16 1/2	16 1/2	Oreogam 12 1/2	12 1/2
E. Rand. M. Est. 4 1/2	4 1/2	Primrose (New) 12 1/2	12 1/2
Geduld 6 1/2	6 1/2	Randfontein 12 1/2	12 1/2
G. B. Rand. New 22 1/2	22 1/2	Randfontein 12 1/2	12 1/2
Gold Coast Am. 8 1/2	8 1/2	Rio Tinto 12 1/2	12 1/2
Golden Horsehoe 8 1/2	8 1/2	Robinson 12 1/2	12 1/2
Gr. Bld. Pers. New 22 1/2	22 1/2	Rand Mines 12 1/2	12 1/2
Do. Prop. 27 1/2	27 1/2	Simmer East 12 1/2	12 1/2
Gr. Fingall 10 1/2	10 1/2	Sons Owalia 12 1/2	12 1/2
Ivanhoe 8 1/2	8 1/2	Trans. Dev. 12 1/2	12 1/2
Jagers (New) 8 1/2	8 1/2	Walhi 12 1/2	12 1/2
John. Cons. In. 24 1/2	24 1/2	Wassau 12 1/2	12 1/2
Jumpers 8 1/2	8 1/2	Welgedacht 12 1/2	12 1/2
Kalguri 6 1/2	6 1/2	Zambesi Explor. 12 1/2	12 1/2
Kaiguis 6 1/2	6 1/2		

Anglo-French 24 1/2	24 1/2	Lake View Cons. 12 1/2	12 1/2
Ald. G. F. (New) 24 1/2	24 1/2	Le Roi 12 1/2	12 1/2
Assoc. G. M. 24 1/2	24 1/2	May Consolidated 12 1/2	12 1/2
Barrato Cons. 24 1/2	24 1/2	Meyer & Charl. 12 1/2	12 1/2
Broken Hill Prop. 34 1/2	34 1/2	Modderfontein 12 1/2	12 1/2
Champ. Reef 36 1/2	37 1/2	Modder Exten. 12 1/2	12 1/2
Chartered 24 1/2	24 1/2	Myosore Gold 12 1/2	12 1/2
City & Sub. 6 1/2	6 1/2	Nigel 12 1/2	12 1/2
Cons. Gold S.A. 6 1/2	6 1/2	Nile Valley 12 1/2	12 1/2
East Rand 16 1/2	16 1/2	Oreogam 12 1/2	12 1/2
De Beers Def. 109 1/2	109 1/2	Oroya Bonville 12 1/2	12 1/2
Drifontein 5 1/2	5 1/2	Nundydrog 12 1/2	12 1/2
East Rand 16 1/2	16 1/2	Oreogam 12 1/2	12 1/2
E. Rand. M. Est. 4 1/2	4 1/2	Primrose (New) 12 1/2	12 1/2
Geduld 6 1/2	6 1/2	Randfontein 12 1/2	12 1/2
G. B. Rand. New 22 1/2	22 1/2	Randfontein 12 1/2	12 1/2
Gold Coast Am. 8 1/2	8 1/2	Rio Tinto 12 1/2	12 1/2
Golden Horsehoe 8 1/2	8 1/2	Robinson 12 1/2	12 1/2
Gr. Bld. Pers. New 22 1/2	22 1/2	Rand Mines 12 1/2	12 1/2
Do. Prop. 27 1/2	27 1/2	Simmer East 12 1/2	12 1/2
Gr. Fingall 10 1/2	10 1/2	Sons Owalia 12 1/2	12 1/2
Ivanhoe 8 1/2	8 1/2	Trans. Dev. 12 1/2	12 1/2
Jagers (New) 8 1/2	8 1/2	Walhi 12 1/2	12 1/2
John. Cons. In. 24 1/2	24 1/2	Wassau 12 1/2	12 1/2
Jumpers 8 1/2	8 1/2	Welgedacht 12 1/2	12 1/2
Kalguri 6 1/2	6 1/2	Zambesi Explor. 12 1/2	12 1/2
Kaiguis 6 1/2	6 1/2		

Anglo-French 24 1/2	24 1/2	Lake View Cons. 12 1/2	12 1/2
Ald. G. F. (New) 24 1/2	24 1/2	Le Roi 12 1/2	12 1/2
Assoc. G. M. 24 1/2	24 1/2	May Consolidated 12 1/2	12 1/2
Barrato Cons. 24 1/2	24 1/2	Meyer & Charl. 12 1/2	12 1/2
Broken Hill Prop. 34 1/2	34 1/2	Modderfontein 12 1/2	12 1/2
Champ. Reef 36 1/2	37 1/2	Modder Exten. 12 1/2	12 1/2
Chartered 24 1/2	24 1/2	Myosore Gold 12 1/2	12 1/2
City & Sub. 6 1/2	6 1/2	Nigel 12 1/2	12 1/2
Cons. Gold S.A. 6 1/2	6 1/2	Nile Valley 12 1/2	12 1/2
East Rand 16 1/2	16 1/2	Oreogam 12 1/2	12 1/2
De Beers Def. 109 1/2	109 1/2	Oroya Bonville 12 1/2	12 1/2
Drifontein 5 1/2	5 1/2	Nundydrog 12 1/2	12 1/2
East Rand 16 1/2	16 1/2	Oreogam 12 1/2	12 1/2
E. Rand. M. Est. 4 1/2	4 1/2	Primrose (New) 12 1/2	12 1/2
Geduld 6 1/2	6 1/2	Randfontein 12 1/2	12 1/2
G. B. Rand. New 22 1/2	22 1/2	Randfontein 12 1/2	12 1/2
Gold Coast Am. 8 1/2	8 1/2	Rio Tinto 12 1/2	12 1/2
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Do. Prop. 27 1/2	27 1/2	Simmer East 12 1/2	12 1/2
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Ivanhoe 8 1/2	8 1/2	Trans. Dev. 12 1/2	12 1/2
Jagers (New) 8 1/2	8 1/2	Walhi 12 1/2	12 1/2
John. Cons. In. 24 1/2	24 1/2	Wassau 12 1/2	12 1/2
Jumpers 8 1/2	8 1/2	Welgedacht 12 1/2	12 1/2
Kalguri 6 1/2	6 1/2	Zambesi Explor. 12 1/2	12 1/2
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Ald. G. F. (New) 24 1/2	24 1/2	Le Roi 12 1/2	12 1/2
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Barrato Cons. 24 1/2	24 1/2	Meyer & Charl. 12 1/2	12 1/2
Broken Hill Prop. 34 1/2	34 1/2	Modderfontein 12 1/2	12 1/2
Champ. Reef 36 1/2	37 1/2	Modder Exten. 12 1/2	12 1/2
Chartered 24 1/2	24 1/2	Myosore Gold 12 1/2	12 1/2
City & Sub. 6 1/2	6 1/2	Nigel 12 1/2	12 1/2
Cons. Gold S.A. 6 1/2	6 1/2	Nile Valley 12 1/2	12 1/2
East Rand 16 1/2	16 1/2	Oreogam 12 1/2	12 1/2
De Beers Def. 109 1/2	109 1/2	Oroya Bonville 12 1/2	12 1/2
Drifontein 5 1/2	5 1/2	Nundydrog 12 1/2	12 1/2
East Rand 16 1/2	16 1/2	Oreogam 12 1/2	12 1/2
E. Rand. M. Est. 4 1/2	4 1/2	Primrose (New) 12 1/2	12 1/2
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G. B. Rand. New 22 1/2	22 1/2	Randfontein 12 1/2	12 1/2
Gold Coast Am. 8 1/2	8 1/2	Rio Tinto 12 1/2	12 1/2
Golden Horsehoe 8 1/2	8 1/2	Robinson 12 1/2	12 1/2
Gr. Bld. Pers. New 22 1/2	22 1/2	Rand Mines 12 1/2	12 1/2
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Ivanhoe 8 1/2	8 1/2	Trans. Dev. 12 1/2	12 1/2
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Jumpers 8 1/2	8 1/2	Welgedacht 12 1/2	12 1/2
Kalguri 6 1/2	6 1/2	Zambesi Explor. 12 1/2	12 1/2
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Assoc. G. M. 24 1/2	24 1/2	May Consolidated 12 1/2	12 1/2
Barrato Cons. 24 1/2	24 1/2	Meyer & Charl. 12 1/2	12 1/2
Broken Hill Prop. 34 1/2	34 1/2	Modderfontein 12 1/2	12 1/2
Champ. Reef 36 1/2	37 1/2	Modder Exten. 12 1/2	12 1/2
Chartered 24 1/2	24 1/2	Myosore Gold 12 1/2	12 1/2
City & Sub. 6 1/2	6 1/2	Nigel 12 1/2	12 1/2
Cons. Gold S.A. 6 1/2	6 1/2	Nile Valley 12 1/2	12 1/2
East Rand 16 1/2	16 1/2	Oreogam 12 1/2	12 1/2
De Beers Def. 109 1/2	109 1/2	Oroya Bonville 12 1/2	12 1/2

CAPTAIN COOK & AUSTRALIAN NATIVES



A Native of the Workii Tribe, Gilbert River.

CAPTAIN COOK, whose discoveries in Australian regions are so well known, writing on the subject of the health of the natives when he discovered them, said: "I did not observe any appearance of disease, or bodily complaint, or eruption of the skin or marks of any, and the most severe wounds heal most rapidly. Very old men, without hair and teeth, show no signs of decrepitude, and are full of cheerfulness and vivacity." This was due to the fact that the natives used certain herbs and roots as medicines.

Not only from the writings of such men as Captain Cook, but from their own observations, scientists have for a long time been aware of the great superiority of vegetable medicines over those containing mineral poisons. Some years back Mr. Charles Forde, an eminent scientist, conceived the idea of so utilising the essences of certain Australian plants that their healing properties might be made useful to modern man.

By long and careful investigation and experiment he at last gained the knowledge required. He found himself the discoverer of a natural vegetable substance which had the power of acting in the human system in the same way as Nature's own animal bile, and which was beyond all doubt the finest remedy yet discovered for liver and digestive disorders. This substance was specially compounded with other ingredients, and so concentrated and refined that a suitable dose could be contained in the space offered by a small bean. Put up into this convenient form these beans for the liver or bile became widely known and used as "Chas. Forde's Bile Beans"—a name now known throughout the whole of the civilised world.

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